THE METHODIST MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1895.

IN THE LEVANT.

BY THE EDITOR.

BEYROUT TO SMYRNA.

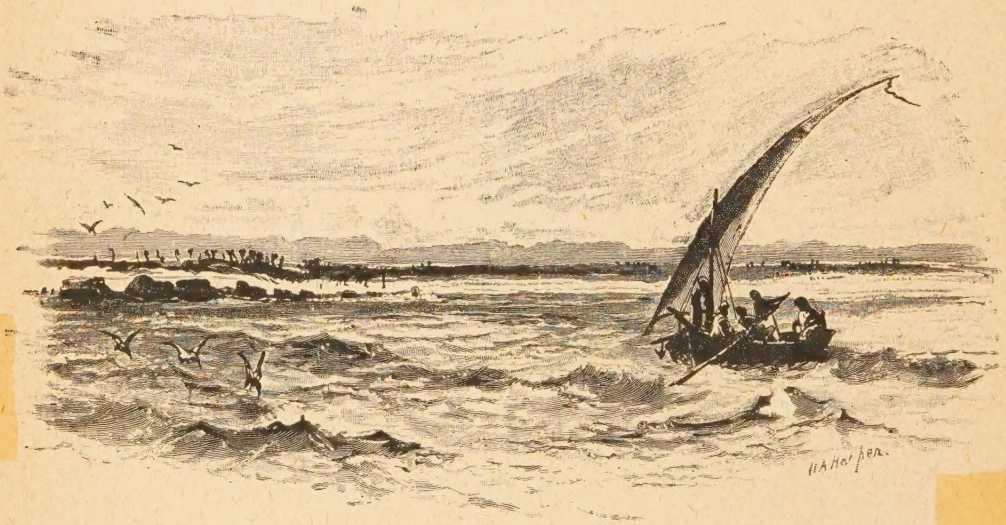
HAMAL, TURKISH PORTER.

FOR two days the sea had been so rough in the open roadstead of Beyrout that no attempt could be made to embark. The great steamers, rolling and pitching at their moorings, were very suggestive of the treatment that their passengers would receive. It was with difficulty that freight could be either discharged or received. Indeed, one of the lighters, by which the cargo was brought ashore, was capsized, and all its freight sank in the sea. At length it calmed sufficiently to permit going on shipboard. Our baggage was carried down on the backs of sturdy porters, through the narrow streets, to the tiny harbour for small boats.

Before embarking, Madame was made the recipient of the biggest bouquet of lovely flowers I think I ever saw, almost as large as a parasol. It was the final *souvenir* of our faithful dragoman, Mr. Abdallah B. Kayat, to whose thoughtful attention, during our month's journey through Palestine, our comfort and pleasure were so largely due. The sturdy strokes of our boat's crew urged us over the long rolling waves. We were heaved up, up, on the top of a billow, and then slid down, down, down, till ship and shore were alike concealed from view, and it seemed as if we would never emerge again. As we approached the steamship it seemed impossible to climb the steep ladder to her deck. Around were crowding boats and yelling boat-

men; high above us towered the vessel's side. As our boat rose on the wave, at the moment it reached the right height we had to leap to the ladder and climb up to the deck. How the porters got our baggage on board I don't know.

In a few minutes some of our party (but I shall not divulge their names) had to take refuge in their berths, and the rest of us could hardly keep our feet as our ship tugged at the anchor chains and danced like a cork on the waves.

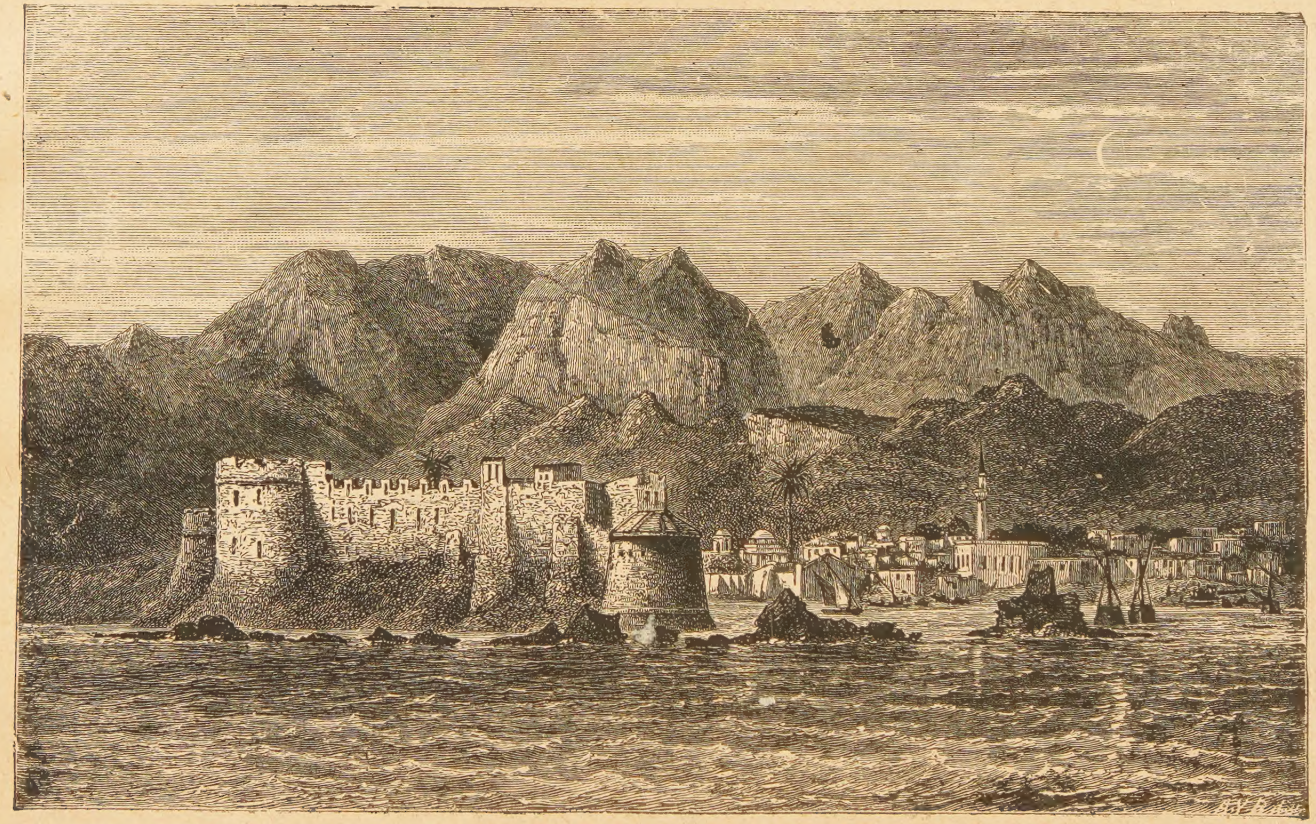


PALESTINE—A BIT OF COAST.

Amid the clank of machinery and rattling of chains the cargo was still being discharged, the lighters heaving and tumbling on the waves far below. It seemed only by good luck that the bales and boxes fell upon their decks instead of into the water. At length the anchor was weighed, the screw began to revolve, and the ship with its crowded living freight glided from the land.

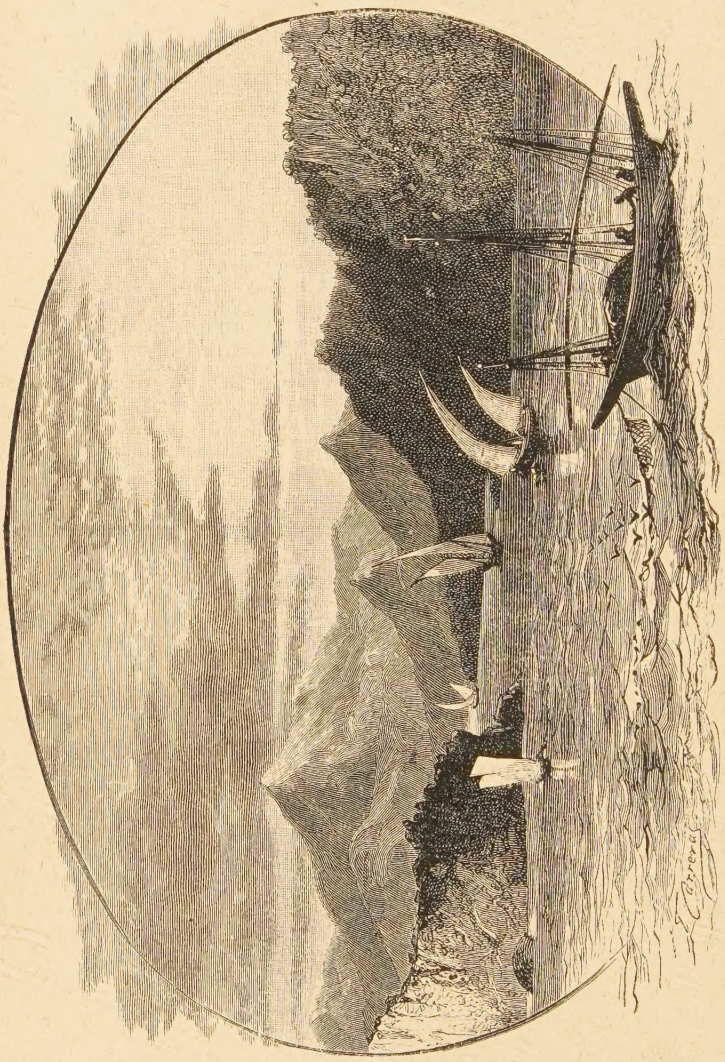
The view shoreward was magnificent. On all sides rose the stately terraced hills which form the background of Beyrout, covered with vines and olives to the very top. On some I counted one hundred terraces, one above the other. In the background rose the snowy range of Lebanon. The many villages on the mountain sides glowed in the sunset light, and from windows miles away flashed a parting gleam as if to bid us good-bye. It was our last look on Palestine — land of such holy memories, of such thrilling history, of such tragic events. There can be no farewell to scenes like these.

The vessel's deck was crowded with about six hundred Cypriote, Smyrniote and Greek pilgrims returning from the pilgrimage to the sacred places of Jerusalem and the Jordan. The deck was covered with their rugs and mats, on which they slept beneath the open sky. It was with difficulty that one could make his way about the ship without stepping upon them. Many of them had tin cylinders about five feet long and six inches through, containing palm branches plaited into graceful shapes, large religious pictures, and other *souvenirs*. Many of the pilgrims were exceedingly bright and handsome people. Among



KYRENIA, CYPRUS.

them were a number of Greek priests, some of them good-looking young fellows, whose long black hair, arranged in a Greek knot at the back of their heads, and black robes, gave them a very girlish look. There were old men and old women in fur-lined cloaks carrying their belongings and provisions in large round baskets. Some of the men wore baggy Turkish trousers, red fez and girdle and bright embroidered jackets. Mothers were nursing their infants, clucking over their wandering children like a hen over its brood, lugging their beds around the deck. Some were eating their evening meal of coarse bread in great hunks, with a bit of cheese or a few onions. Some were clothed in ragged embroidered finery and adorned with cheap jewellery; others had good gold watches.



SALAMIS, CYPRUS, A TYPICAL SCENE IN CYPRIOTE WATERS.

A handsome, bejewelled woman

was gossiping with several other well-dressed pilgrims of her own sex, all smoking cigarettes. One venerable figure mounted guard over his wife and a large family of children. Another made a very comfortable nest for his young wife and was keeping vigil at her side whenever I passed. The pilgrims beguiled the tedium of the voyage with a strange variety of singing, mostly of a plaintive, monotonous character, accompanied by odd-looking string or percussion instruments. Between decks was equally crowded. A couple of monkeys, a brown bear, parrots and other live stock added to the confusion. I thought I was a lover of my kind, but the crowded, sordid and often squalid groups and vile smells made me doubt it.

Our voyage to Constantinople covered about a week, in which time we became quite well acquainted with our very interesting fellow-travellers. Quite a number of distinct languages were spoken and a great variety of costumes worn. A magnificently dressed Egyptian dragoman, a very accomplished Greek gentleman, a German physician, who had spent some years in Persia, with two charming ladies of his family, a half-dozen post-graduate students from Berlin University, and a number of American and English travellers, made a very agreeable party.

The day after leaving Beyrout the outline of Cyprus came into view. We skirted all day its rather barren and arid coast, with quaint old fortresses, as at Kyrenia, and picturesque mountain background, over-arched by a bright blue sky.

But nothing can describe the intense ultramarine of the waves, nor the vivid contrast presented by the snowy lace-work where they broke into foam. This is an ever-present source of astonishment and delight in all these Levantine waters. The purple waves, the azure mountains and the ethereal sky present the loveliest symphony in blues that can be conceived.

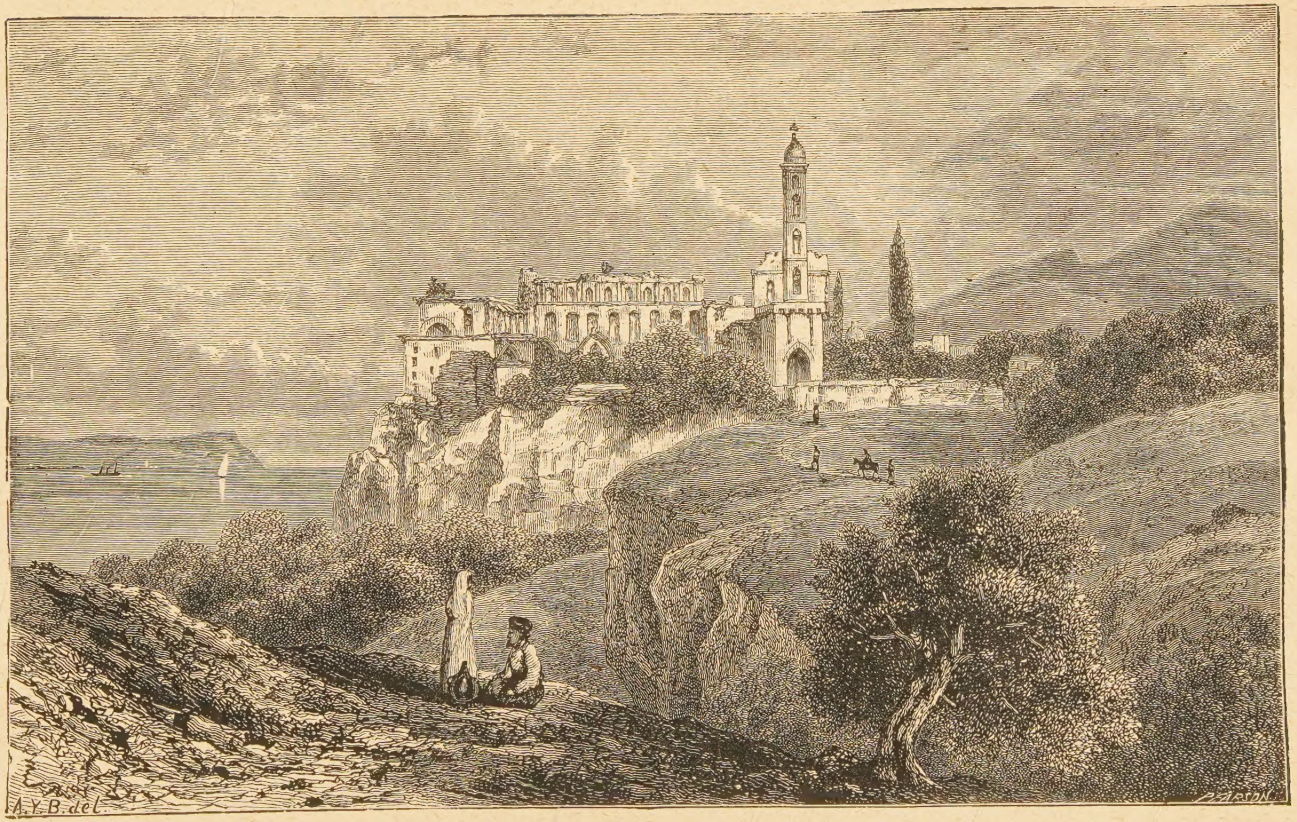
It did our hearts good to see the red-cross flag floating from the fort at Larnica and from the British ships anchored in the harbour.

> "It seemed like a friendly hand
> Stretched out from one's native land."

A number of British red-coats came aboard, including a magnificent band. They were going to Limasol to play at that British institution, the races. They furnished us some good music while on board, and a very companionable lot of men they were. There are five hundred troops in Cyprus, we were told, but they find it very dull camping and drilling on that hot and arid country. Most of them are from the larger cities of England, and they do not like the isolation of the island. The old Gothic convent of La Pais is grandly situated on a bluff five hundred feet above the sea. The ancient cloisters and vast halls, with their Gothic tracery, are noteworthy reminders of the gallant crusaders.

Our word "copper" (Latin, *cuprum*) comes from the name Cyprus, because its chief source of wealth in former times was its mines of copper. Its cedars are said to have surpassed those of Lebanon, but its forests have almost entirely disappeared. As a consequence the rainfall has been greatly lessened, and what does fall flows rapidly away, carrying with it the fertile soil into the sea. Cyprus is in all probability the Chittim or Kittim of the Bible mentioned in Genesis x. 4. Baalam in his prophecy (Numbers xxiv. 24) speaks of the ships of Chittim attacking Assyria; and in Isaiah xxxi. 13 Chittim is represented among the fleets of Tyre. Its chief town is yet called Citium, or Chittim, as well as Larnica.

Here is shown the grave of Lazarus, who, having been raised from the dead, for fear of the Jews fled to Cyprus and became bishop of Citium.



CONVENT OF LA PAIS, CYPRUS.

Barnabas and St. Catharine are also said to be buried on this island. Here General Cesnola discovered a vast quantity of precious relics of ancient art, glass and pottery, which may be seen in the Metropolitan Museum in New York. The present population is about 180,000, of whom one-third are Greek Christians and the rest Moslems. In ancient times the population is said to have been one million, and under British rule it may be expected to increase. Its exports are wine, silk, olive oil, madder and fruit.

The sunset view of Limasol, with its fine mountain background in the afterglow of the crimson light on wave and shore, was exceedingly impressive. In the foreground lay the pleasant villas and commercial buildings of the pretty town, white-sailed vessels skimmed to and fro. Our British red-coats, being rowed ashore in large open boats, accentuated the beauty of the scene by the bright colour of their tunics.

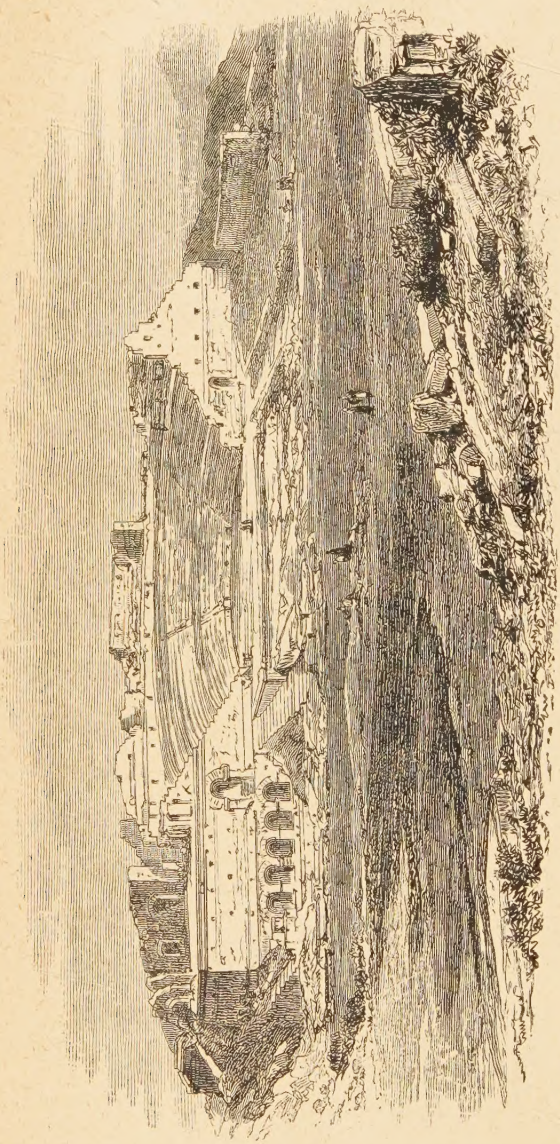
Salamis, another port in the island of Cyprus, is mentioned in Acts xiii. 5, as the scene of the preaching of Paul, as shown in our cut on page 6. It presents a typical example of the lovely water vistas, often seen among the isles of Greece.

Next night we reached the famous island of Rhodes, or "the land of roses." This is one of the most beautiful and picturesque isles of the Levant. It is famous as the stronghold for two centuries of the Knights of St. John, and is the scene of one of the most heroic defences on record.

STREET OF THE KNIGHTS, RHODES.

The city of Rhodes has an imposing appearance when viewed from the sea. It is built in the form of an amphitheatre on ground rising from the water, and has a moat and castle of great size and strength, and is surrounded by a wall and towers. Some of the old stone houses of the Knights are still to be seen in what is known as "The Street of the Knights," bearing their armorial

shields sculptured on the walls. As there is not a single inn on the island, travellers are recommended to take up their abode in the village



GREEK AMPHITHEATRE, MILETUS.

churches, which are described as much cleaner than the Greek convents. The famous Colossus of Rhodes was one of the seven wonders of the world — a statue of bronze, one hundred and five feet high, used as a lighthouse. It was overthrown by an earthquake fifty-six years after its erection, B.C. 244. The fragments remained on the spot for nine hundred and thirty-three years, and were sold to a Jew, who carried them away on nine hundred camels, A.D. 689.

The siege of Rhodes by Soleiman the Magnificent, in 1523, lasted four months, during which prodigies of valour were manifested by both Turks and Christians. The Knights were compelled to surrender, and to leave the island, which they had held as an outpost of Christendom for two hundred years. "It was," says a historian of the event, "an hour of woe; but the wanderers departed not unsolaced. They looked their last on the shattered towers from which the fate of war had driven them, supported by the consciousness that, though Rhodes had passed from under their sway, their protracted resistance had conferred the fame of victory even on defeat. They transferred their rule to Malta, and there made an impregnable defence against assault."

Our view of Rhodes in the splendid moonlight of the Levant was exceedingly impressive. A great square tower rose like a cliff, making a deeper darkness in the shade. The lights of the town twinkled far and wide

over the hills. A bright revolving light, like the glaring eye of Cyclops, seemed to guard the coast. Boats gliding silently by seemed like spectre barques. The myriad stars were reflected on the placid waves. The scene was of remarkable beauty and tranquillity.

We have entered now those scattered islands known as the Sporades. They recall the stirring lines of Byron—

"The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece,
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung.
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
And all except their sun is set.

"The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse;
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires' islands of the blest."

On our right rise the high serrated mountains of Asia Minor, jutting out in bold promontories far into the sea. Pretty white villages lie in the green valleys among the folded hills, looking in the distance like a flock of sheep at rest. In the evening light masses of cumulus clouds rise, golden and snowy, in the crimson light; the great orb of the sun sinks slowly into the halcyon sea of deepest, intensest blue. One cannot help thinking of the stirring history of that same Asia Minor, with its great cities of renown as marts of trade throughout the world—now a solitude, where, as Disraeli says, the tinkling bell of the armed and wandering caravan alone breaks the silence of the scene. Around us spread the sunny Cyclades, whose very names—Telos, Kos, Kalymos, Lero, Patmos, Samos, Kios, Lesbos, Tenedos, Imbros, Nasos, Nyseros—call to mind many stirring classic memories.

In the Gulf of Kos is situated the ancient port of Miletus, once a busy city with its "four harbours," now a silent waste. The ruins of its stately amphitheatre no longer ring with the applause of the lyric or the tragic muse. Lithe lizards crawl over the marble seats where sat the magistrates in state, and the wild goat crops the scanty herbage of the arena. This else forgotten name is cherished in the hearts of millions from its associations with one of the most touching incidents in the ministry of the great Apostle of the Gentiles, an incident which it is scarce possible to read without tears. See Acts xx. 17–38.

"The ship in which St. Paul was

ON THE ROAD TO MILETUS.

speeding to Jerusalem," says Dr. Green, "did not touch, it appears, at Ephesus, but had to call at Miletus, doubtless for some reason connected with the voyage; and so the port becomes memorable to all time for the simplest, noblest, tenderest pastoral address ever uttered. The place is silent, desolate now; long reeds and coarse grass are growing, amid undistinguishable ruins, where that weeping company once descended to the beach, 'and they all wept sore and fell upon Paul's neck and kissed him, sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no

more. And they accompanied him to the ship.'"

The mainland of the Gulf of Kos awakes our keenest interest as we watch it with eagerness through a glass, for there is the ancient Helicarnassus where Herodotus, the father of history, first saw the light, and where stood the famous temple of Mausolus, one of the seven wonders of the world, which has given us the English word "mausoleum." The site of the famous temple has been discovered, and much of its noble architecture found, although in a ruinous condition. Kos is one of the most picturesque of the Sporades, and one of the most renowned.

Day after day we glide amongst these lovely islands—green near the shore, but grey on the bold and rocky heights. Far up on the slope of the hills nestle the villages, or spread around the placid bay, snow-white amid the green, while exquisite soft opalescent hues suffuse the scene. White sails gleam as the swift feluccas glide across the purple waves, recalling Tennyson's words, "Summer isles of Eden, lying in dark purple spheres of seas."

At Chios the air was fragrant with orange blossoms and rose hedges. In such profusion do the roses abound that a specialty of the island is its rose-flavoured marmalade. Earthquake and war have done their best, or worst, to despoil this lovely isle. At Kastia the old Genoese walls and towers line the shore in green and melancholy desolation. Chios is one of the cities which claim to be the birthplace of Homer, "the blind old man of Chios' rocky isle." It has a stirring history, but no more tragic episode than the grim disaster by which it was overtaken some seventy years ago. The island had a population of 110,000, nearly all Greeks—a mild, gay, lively, industrious, peaceful population. The women were especially celebrated for their charms and grace. In an evil hour they were hurried into insurrection against their Turkish masters. An army of fanatical Moslems descended upon the island, which was given up to pillage and massacre. The archbishop and the heads of the Church were hanged with every mark of ignominy and their heads thrown into the sea. In two months twenty thousand Chiotes fell by the sword and forty-five thousand were dragged into slavery. A few months later only two thousand Greeks remained on the whole island.

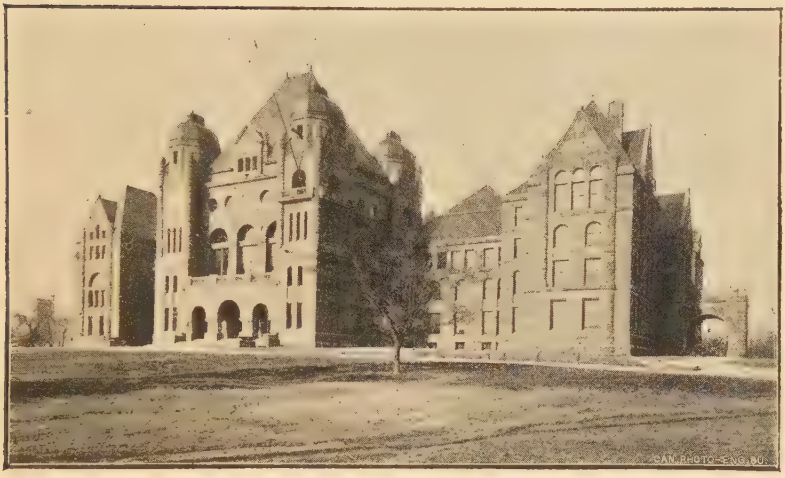
While the Turks were triumphing, the Greeks prepared their reprisal. "Then ensued," writes Gen. Gordon, "one of the most extraordinary military exploits recorded in history. Constantine Canaris and thirty-three brave comrades volunteered their services; taking advantage of a dark night, they ran into the midst of the Turkish fleet, anchored in the channel of Scio, and grappled their fire-ship to the huge vessel of Captain Pasha, which instantly caught the flames, and in a few hours blew up with the crew of two thousand men. The Greeks meanwhile stepped into a large launch which they had in tow, shouting 'Victory to the Cross!'—the ancient war-cry of the imperial armies of Byzantium—and made good their escape to Syra without the loss of a single man."

The island is now recovering its prosperity, and the dark green foliage of the olive groves and gardens make a beautiful background to the town of Scio, seen from the sea. Threading the channel between the island and the mainland, there opened to our view the splendid harbour and stately city of Smyrna, which for two thousand years has been the most important seaport of Asia Minor.

OUR OWN COUNTRY.

*TORONTO AND ITS VICINITY.**

I.



PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, TORONTO.

THERE are few cities in the world that are more admirably situated or more naturally adapted for an all-the-year-round residence than Toronto, the Queen City of the Lakes. Situated as it is, in the heart of the temperate zone, its climate tempered and made equable by the broad waters of Lake Ontario, with a beautiful harbour which renders boating and bathing safe and pleasant pastimes during the summer months, together with many other advantages, Ontario's capital can hold her own against the world as an ideal home.

The summer climate of Toronto is remarkably healthful and equable, and is one of the finest in the world. The days are bright and sunny. There is almost invariably a cool breeze from some quarter, and the nights and mornings are cool and delightful. There are no diseases due to climatic influences, such as malaria or hayfever. Sunstroke is almost unknown in this region. The rainfall is not excessive, an occasional thunderstorm only serving to cool the atmosphere and refresh the foliage. The average summer humidity is about 71°. The streets are well shaded by luxuriant and ornamental shade trees. There are no cyclones, hurricanes, or very high winds. Wild flowers in endless variety bloom in the parks and neighbouring woods and ravines from May to October. Almost every plant that requires a hot summer can thrive in Ontario. The proximity of such a large body of fresh water as that of Lake Ontario undoubtedly assists largely in equalizing the temperature.

The area within the city limits is

* For the admirable illustrations which accompany this article, and for much of the text, we are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Fred Smily, publisher of "Toronto and Adjacent Summer Resorts," of "Canadian Summer Resorts," and other art publications.

HORTICULTURAL PAVILION, TORONTO.

about 10,391 acres. In this area there is a population of about 200,000. There are about 250 miles of streets of which over one-half are paved. There are 83 miles of lanes and 430 miles of sidewalks. There are 78¼ miles of steam railway track and 68½ miles of street railway track. Of overhead electric wires there are 4,300 miles, together with an additional 30 miles of underground electric conduit. The city is situated on a plateau gently ascending north for a distance of three miles, where an altitude of 220 feet above the lake is reached.

Except on the main business thoroughfares most of the streets have boulevards of well-kept lawns and shade trees. Many of the residential districts present on each side of the avenue a regular forest line of chestnuts, elms and maples. The residential portion of the city is to the stranger one of the most pleasing features of the town, for Toronto is a veritable "City of Homes," and its citizens vie with one another in the artistic appearance and conveniences of their home-life. There are no flats as in New York and some other cities, and almost every head of a family, no matter how poor, has a house to himself which he rents or owns. Perhaps nowhere else will be found more unique and artistic architectural designs for private residences than along some of the fashionable residential thoroughfares of Toronto. Delightful glimpses of lawn, flowers and shrubbery are exceedingly common around the homes of the better classes, and even the poorer people often boast their little strip of lawn or modest flower-garden.

Many of the stores are large and commodious, and in some of them, which are conducted on similar lines

TYPICAL TORONTO HOMES.

to the Bon Marchè, of Paris, and Wannamaker's, of Philadelphia, you can buy anything, from a lunch to a piano, or from a straw hat to a furnished house. When we state that one of these establishments has in regular employment about seven hundred clerks, some idea will be obtained of the immensity of the business done.

Queen Street Avenue is one of the finest on the continent. With its double row of luxuriant shade trees on either side, it is almost a park in itself.

At the head of Queen's Avenue, and situated in Queen's Park, the handsome and massive brown stone front of the Provincial Parliament Buildings meets the eye, its huge portals protected by two large Russian cannon, taken by the British at Sebastopol, and presented by Queen Victoria to Toronto citizens, which have for years guarded the entrance to the park.

The Parliament Buildings will well repay a visit. Here are enacted the laws which govern this fair Province. Here reigns an honest and capable man, Sir Oliver Mowat, who for twenty-three consecutive years has held the reins of government in the Province.

Opposite the north-western angle of the Parliament Buildings is the fine bronze statue of the Hon. George Brown, journalist, patriot and politician, whose name and influence will long live on Canadian soil. Near by, and surrounded by a fence of artificial muskets, swords and cannon balls, is the artistic monument which commemorates the gallant members of the Queen's Own Rifles who fell in defence of their country in the Fenian raid of 1866. And at the entrance of the Park facing Queen's Avenue, is the fine bronze statue of the veteran premier of the Dominion Parliament, Sir John A. Macdonald, K.C.B.

Clustered around Queen's Park, and in sight of the Provincial Parliament, are a number of handsome and well-equipped educational buildings which justify Toronto's claim of being one of the great centres of education. Nowhere in America, within such a small radius, is to be found such a handsome group of educational buildings, and yet these are but a part of the great educational institutions of the city.

University College is the central figure, both as to extent and beauty of architecture. Fronted by a spacious lawn, and surrounded by beautiful ravines and trees and shrubbery, this massive and handsome grey stone

VOLUNTEER MONUMENT, TORONTO.

building of Norman architecture looks like some baronial castle of by-gone days.

The endowment of the University of Toronto is $1,042,000, and the value of the property owned is $1,800,000. It has an annual income of $85,000, and has about 800 students.

To the south of the University College is the new library building, the College Y. M. C. A., the Biological building, which has no su-

TORONTO COLLEGES.

perior of its kind on the continent, and the School of Science, an immense red brick building which contrasts strangely with the surrounding structures of grey stone.

Behind University College is the new Wycliffe College, and north of this, and separated from it by forest trees, is McMaster Hall. Near the northern entrance of Queen's Park is Victoria College, a handsome brown stone building which, under the popular name of "Old Vic," is the pride of Methodism throughout the Province. The new Upper

TORONTO UNIVERSITY GROUP.

Canada College at the head of Avenue Road, near the northern limit of the city, is a magnificent testimonial of the esteem and influence of its old graduates, for a few years ago the Government had about decided to abolish the old Upper Canada College, considering it an unnecessary adjunct to the present educational system; but the "old boys," who are now some of the most influential men of the country, rallied around their Alma Mater, and the present new and beautiful building is the result. It has students from all parts of America and other countries.

There are over fifty public schools in Toronto, not including a large number of separate schools. There are also three collegiate institutes and a number of kindergarten schools. The public-school system of Toronto has admittedly no superior anywhere. Education is compulsory for all, and as text-books are free the poorest children can attend. The schools are so excellent, however, that the wealthiest classes find them the best place to send their children for an all-round education.

Of medical colleges there are three; the University Medical College, Trinity Medical College and the Woman's Medical College. They are all well conducted and scientifically equipped. The standard for matriculation and other examinations in these colleges is much higher than in most medical colleges of the United States. A five years' course is compulsory. There are over five hundred medical students in the city, and these, together with

about five thousand students attending the various other schools and colleges, form quite a feature in this busy metropolis.

Osgoode Hall, of which we give an engraving, commemorates by its name the first Chief Justice, and one of the ablest jurists of Upper Canada. The building has undergone remarkable vicissitudes of fortune, having been at one time employed as barracks for soldiers—and the sharp challenge of the sentry and the loud word of command of the drill-sergeant were heard in the precincts where now learned barristers plead and begowned judges dispense justice. The building, however, has undergone such changes that its *quondam* military occupants would no longer recognize it.

OSGOODE HALL, TORONTO.

Toronto is admittedly the great musical centre of the Dominion, many of the leading events of the season being held here. Notably amongst those of 1894 may be mentioned the Massey Musical Festival to inaugurate the opening of the Massey Music Hall, the erection of which is due to the munificent gift of its founder, Mr. H. A. Massey, of $160,000 for this purpose, and students from far and near annually attend the two splendidly equipped Musical Institutions, viz: the Toronto College of Music, and the Toronto Conservatory of Music, besides many lesser musical schools and colleges.

Who has not heard of the sanctity of the Toronto Sabbath! Where is to be found its counterpart among the large cities of the new world! It is the embodiment of peace, quiet and repose, a "Day of Rest" in its truest sense. No trolley car can rush o'er its business thoroughfares or residential avenues. The places of worship are conveniently located in all parts of the city, and there is no necessity for anyone to walk far without being able to attend some church. There are over 170 churches embracing all denominations and creeds, with seating capacity for over 100,000 persons; and as a rule, even in summer time, most of the churches are comfortably filled both at morning and evening service.

The roads around Toronto are good for riding, driving and bicycling, and innumerable short and pleasant trips can be taken to the north, east and west. The scenery, too in many places is very picturesque and the roads delightfully shaded. During the nutting season the spreading beech-trees, the gnarled and knotty oaks and the old hickory and butternut trees prove very attractive to squirrels and small boys.

To the north the ravines of Rosedale, the side-roads around Moore Park and the reservoir, and the winding roads along the banks of the Don, are very attractive for riding or driving. High Park contains 375 acres and has many natural advantages and attractions.

Toronto is fast becoming a great industrial and manufacturing centre. Within the last twenty years there

NEW UNION STATION, TORONTO.

has been a large increase in this respect. Many manufacturers throughout the Province have found it to their interest to have their main establishments in the Provincial capital. Many proprietors of the large industries in the United States have found it necessary in order to successfully compete for the Canadian trade, to have branch establishments in this country where they can manufacture their goods, and have located in Toronto.

The largest deposit of nickel in the world is situated in the Sudbury region north of Toronto. There is no nickel in the United States, and the possibilities in connection with the nickel industry as far as Toronto is concerned are very great.

The Union Station is a very imposing specimen of architecture, and furnishes ample facilities for the convenience and comfort of travellers, In this respect the old station was very defective. Travellers used to complain that they had to go to each of three or four baggage rooms before they could find their luggage.

The street-car system in Toronto is one of the finest on the North American continent, from a standpoint of speed, utility and comfort. During the year 1893, over 21,000,000 of people were carried.

There is no city in the world where more pastime and enjoyment can be had, and is participated in by its citizens than Toronto. The almost unrivalled advantages of harbour, bay, lake and river have given an unusual zest to aquatic sports, such as boating, bathing, yachting, etc.

The Toronto island is the summer home of hundreds of its citizens, and is daily visited by thousands more.

THE LAGOON, TORONTO ISLAND.

NEW JAPAN.

INTERIOR OF ASAKUSA TEMPLE, JAPAN.

THE wonderful change which has in the last few months taken place under our very eyes in the status of Japan has excited the wonder of the world. That a plucky little nation, which only yesterday, as it were, emerged from a mediæval feudalism, should challenge the oldest and most populous Empire in the world, with a population ten times its own, and in a few weeks, by an unbroken succession of victories, capture its strongest fortresses and many of its great cities, has excited the astonishment of mankind. We purpose giving a *resumé* of the opinions of expert authorities on this remarkable phenomenon and some of its probable consequences.

In an article on "New Power in the East," the New York *Outlook* says: "The most remarkable event of this end of the century has been the agreement upon terms of peace between Japan and China. The result of this event is not only to open China to commerce and civilization, but also to establish Japan as the leader of Asia, and on a par with any European State. Never in the world's history has there been such a sudden and satisfying manifestation of a new power.

"After the first encounters the low organization of the forces on the one side was convincingly contrasted with the high organization of those on the other: the resistance was but

that of the mollusk to the mammal. The Chinese have therefore suffered an unbroken succession of defeats. We have come to the end of the war only to find that China lies prostrate, an invertebrate mass—a weak and vitiated dynasty, a corrupt and tyrannical mandarinate, and a leaderless and peculating people. The humiliation of China is a matter which no one except a partisan of savagery can for a moment regret. China now enters upon a far greater future for herself, with greater profit to England.

"It may be said that the Chinese are cowardly as well as corrupt; but it must be remembered, after all, that the dominance of Confucianism has something to do with the matter, and Confucius held all violence to be unbecoming. To this must be added the power of disintegration. The Chinese are not one people, but a collection of peoples. The people in the south cannot understand the speech of those in the north. Every province is independent, and its only real connection with its neighbour lies in a common submission to the Emperor. There has thus been no real, united, virile China. When Talleyrand said that Italy was only a geographical expression, he might have applied that saying with greater force to the Flowery Kingdom.

"The crushing of China and the rise of Japan have not been exactly simultaneous events. The one has occupied a few months, the other a number of years, but an incredibly small number; for the steps to this eminence have all been taken within the life of the present Mikado. It is a wonderful history, that of less than fifty years. Following Commodore Perry's expedition came the realization in Japan itself that feudalism must be broken down. With it were also broken down those inveterate superstitions which surrounded the person of the Mikado. To his credit be it said that in this respect the present Mikado has done everything to show that he is infinitely more worthy of his rank than any of his predecessors. His steps, and those of his accomplished ministers, have ever been upward. These steps have been the humbling of insolent and grasping viceroys, the reduction of the rebellious Samurai, the establishment of a representative government and of a constitution, and, generally, the introduction of foreign methods of life and progress. Within the past year we have seen a semi-official recognition of Christianity, the abolition of extra-territoriality, and the assertion of Japan's right to regulate her own tariffs ratified by treaties, and now comes the conquest of China.

"This last event is far greater and more significant than one country's mere triumph over another. For the first time since the decline of Tamerlane's power we see an Oriental State rise to hegemony in Asia. This is accomplished without any intervention or assistance from Europe or America. A year ago such a transformation—above all, such an unaided transformation—would have been deemed impossible. We find, nevertheless, that the new power which has thus suddenly dazzled the world proposes to be not only conqueror but leader, that it will undertake single-handed the reconstruction of eastern Asia, and thus become a propaganda of what has already been attained by Japanese progress. Should this propaganda succeed, a whole hemisphere will arise out of the sloth of ages. As has been shown in Japan, so in Chinese countries Confucian civilization alone will be no match for a combination of that civilization with the broader, more practical, more intelligent, more moral progress of Christian nations. Yet, while paying full credit to everything gained from outside, the Japanese yield to none in self-respect

and self-reliance; indeed, Count Okuma has said:

"'The next century will see the resources of the European powers exhausted in unsuccessful attempts at colonization. Therefore, who expect to be their proper successors if not ourselves? As to intellectual power, the Japanese mind is in every way equal to the European mind. More than this, have not the Japanese opened a way to the perfection of a discovery in which foreigners have not succeeded even after years of labour? Our people astonish even the French, who are the most skilful among artisans, by the cleverness of their work. It is true the Japanese are small of stature, but the superiority of the body depends more on its constitution than on its size. If treaty revision were completed, and Japan completely victorious over China, we should become one of the chief powers of the world, and no power could engage in any movement without first consulting us. Japan could then enter into competition with Europe as the representative of the Oriental nations.'

"Japan, well named the 'Land of the Rising Sun,' is now that representative, and bids fair to become the leader of an entire hemisphere."

In an article on "Non-Christian First-Class Power," the New York *Independent* speaks as follows: "There is one phase of the emergence of Japan which has not received the attention which it deserves. It is that now for the first time since the fall of the Saracen Empire, the world sees a first-class power asserting itself in the sisterhood of great nations which is not Christian.

"Nevertheless the civilization which Japan has accepted is wholly the product of Christianity. It has been produced and perfected by Christian nations. When, in 1853, Commodore Perry opened Japan, that Empire was an absolute nonentity among the nations of the earth. Its people had never before seen a ship-of-war.

GREAT BELL AT SEOUL, COREA.

When Commodore Perry emptied on shore his ship-load of presents, and among them the miniature railroad train, in their delight the people would straddle across the cars and sit down on them, crazy to get a ride on the train, where they could not get in, along the little track. There came a craze for everything foreign; they called for teachers from America and Europe; they sent their young men and young women by the scores to be educated here, and did not stop in affright as China did after making the same beginning. It is amazing what a revolution has been made in the whole habit of the thoughts of the people in a generation. It is enough to give serious thought to people that make so much of the influence of heredity on habits of thought.

"In a few years we have seen old prejudices dissolved, old civilization utterly discarded, and a Christian civilization adopted in its place. Japan has a constitutional monarch, with a parliament and representative ministry like Great Britain. It has as large a railroad system in proportion to its territory as the United States; it has quite as good a school system, reaching from the kindergarten to the university; its post-office department is admirably conducted, and everybody now knows that its military affairs are managed with great wisdom and patriotism and honesty. If ever there was a nation enthusiastically patriotic it is Japan. It has the Red Cross attachment to its military service under the Geneva rules and under the sanction of the laws of the Empire —something that we cannot boast of in the United States. Its students of philosophy and science and medicine rank with the best, and we see all the enthusiasm and devotion which belong to the birth of a new nation.

"But not a Christian nation. Ten years ago our missionaries were saying that it looked as if Japan would become Christian before the end of the century. But there came a chilling frost; and for the last two or three years there has been very little advance in the number of converts. They have done well that they have held their own. There has grown up with the patriotism a feeling of pride, not to say vanity, which has made the Japanese say that now they have learned all the West has to teach, and that they will develop hereafter along their own lines; that if they can they will reform the old Buddhism of their common people or the Confucianism or Shintoism of the upper classes, making of it a purer and a better faith which shall absorb all the ethical teachings of Christianity, very much as the Brahmo-Somaj has attempted to reform the old Brahminism of India.

"What the result will be we cannot yet tell, except that we believe that our Christian faith has the Spirit of God with it and will prevail. But, meanwhile, for some years to come we shall see the great experiment tried of a great nation which does not profess to be Christian, whose religion is becoming simply a system of ethics. We shall learn how thoroughly a Christian civilization can be ingrafted on a non-Christian or a pagan faith. And if, as now seems probable, China shall feel the impulse which Japan has given to her, and shall herself speedily accept the Christian civilization of the West, there may be two such powers a generation hence.

"We believe that our Christian missionaries have for the most part acted very wisely in Japan in that they have taken pains not to antagonize the Japanese national feeling; and it may even be a question now, or very soon, whether in the interests of Christianity itself the foreign missionary force there should not be reduced. It is greatly to be hoped that Japan, which has thus

far shown itself so tolerant of Christianity, even if it has not seized it with the eagerness with which it has adopted our civilization, may not league patriotism with its native faiths in opposition to the faith of Jesus Christ."

Dr. Leonard, a missionary secretary of the Methodist Episcopal Church, writes thus of Corea, now virtually a dependency of Japan:

"Seoul, the capital of Corea, contains a population of 250,000, and is much the largest city in the kingdom. It is situated about thirty miles from Chemulpo, the nearest seaport, and is surrounded by volcanic mountains, some of which are quite Alpine in outline and altitude, and some are nude of vegetable life from summit almost to base. The roads leading from the city are over mountain passes or through narrow defiles, the widest of which leads to the river Han.

"Corea has been known for centuries as the 'Hermit Kingdom,' because she has until recently refused to have any relations with foreign nations. During much of her history she has been tributary to, if not a vassal of, the Chinese Empire, and in her subordinate condition necessarily had political relations with her superior. But with Western nations she had no intercourse, until forced to open her doors by the arbitrament of war, less than a quarter of a century ago. In harmony with her policy of seclusion she built all her cities inland, including her capital. Until since she has been holding some commercial intercourse with the outside world, there were no towns on her extended sea-coast, and even now there are but few.

"So far from building cities on her coast or northern boundary, a policy of desolation has been pursued on all her borders. Along the sea-coast no sign of life was allowed for centuries, lest seafarers might be tempted to land and enter the country. Along the northern boundary a wide stretch of land was proscribed, and no one was permitted to make permanent settlement upon it, and it became a hiding-place for criminals and outlaws from both Corea and Manchuria, her northern neighbour. The seclusion policy led not only to the building of the capital city inland and amid mountain fastnesses, but also surrounding it with a substantial granite wall.

"About five hundred years ago, when the city was supposed to be in danger from a foreign foe, a wall six miles in circumference, running in a zigzag line up and over the mountains on the north and south, and across the narrow valley on the east and west, was erected. The wall is from twenty-five to thirty feet high, and was completed in the short space of nine months. It was doubtless a formidable defence when only bows and arrows were used in warfare, but in these days of heavy projectiles is utterly valueless. As no repairs have been put upon it for many years, it is becoming quite dilapidated at some points, and will ultimately disappear. The material in it will go far in rebuilding the city in 'the good time coming,' when through the Gospel of Christ the Coreans shall be happily elevated to the plane of a Christian civilization.

"It is quite impossible to give to one who has never seen this city a just idea of either its plan or architecture. Except some of the principal streets, that seem to have been originally intended to follow straight lines, the city seems to have been built without a plan. Boston, it is said, was originally built along cow-paths, which accounts for the tangle of streets in its older parts that so confuse the uninstructed stranger. But Seoul did not have the advantage of even the cowpath, with its graceful curves, as a guide, and so the streets run every whither, with sharp angles, abrupt endings and irregular widths. The streets, except

the two principal ones that cross the city with the four gates as their terminals, are usually no more than from six to ten feet in width, and all are without gutters, sewers or sidewalks. Along these streets the daylight only old or lower class women appear on the streets at all. At eight o'clock in the evening the great bell rings, when the gates of the city are closed and men hie to their places of shelter. Then the

TYPICAL BUDDHIST TEMPLE, JAPAN.

Corean gentleman in white costume promenades, elevated some four or five inches upon wooden clogs, which keep his white-stockinged feet out of the filth that everywhere abounds. Men and women never walk the streets together, and in women betake themselves to the streets and spend their time until one o'clock in the morning, visiting their friends and indulging in such pastimes as may suit their fancy. The seclusion of women in Corea saves them from being the beasts of

burden, to which their sex is doomed in Japan and many other Oriental and even some Occidental countries.

"The best dwellings are built around a court upon which all the rooms open. This court is sometimes ornamented with shrubs and flowers, and some of them are said to be very pretty. The average house is composed of small rooms, four in number, and destitute of anything that we would call furniture, while the poorest, which far outnumber all the others, are hovels of the worst class.

"As to public buildings, as the term is usually employed, there are none. The palace of the king, enclosed within a stone wall that separates it from the city, though built at public expense, is the most private and exclusive of all, as only those who are connected with the reigning dynasty in an official capacity, or such as are favoured with a special permit, can enter its portals.

"Though a heathen city, Seoul has no temple of idolatrous worship. The State religion, if any exists, is Confucian, and there is a shrine to which the king resorts at stated times to make offerings to his ancestors. Though Buddhism is more prevalent than any other form of religion, there is not a Buddhist temple in the city. They have temples just outside the city walls, and in many places all through the country, but none in the capital. For some offence committed long ago the Buddhist temples were destroyed and the priests were driven out of the city, since which time they have not been permitted to enter its gates unless in disguise.

"But in the midst of this desert of human habitations there are a few oases. The several nations that have entered into treaty relations with Corea have established legations and erected suitable buildings, and the Methodist Episcopal, Presbyterian, Anglican, and Roman Catholic Churches have established compounds and erected residences for missionaries, houses of worship, school buildings, chapels and hospitals. These are all bright spots in the midst of surrounding gloom and a prophecy of what this mountain-environed city will be when Christianity has accomplished its beneficent mission to the Corean people." Dr. Avison and his wife, from Toronto, are conducting a successful mission in Seoul.

Bishop Ninde, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who has just returned from an extensive visit in China and Japan, writes thus:

"People in middle life can remember when foreigners were totally excluded from the islands of the Japanese Archipelago. By a strange series of events, to the Christian view strikingly providential, the traditional exclusiveness was relaxed at last, and half a dozen of the principal ports were thrown open for foreign trade and residence.

"It was not long before the whole policy of this sequestered Empire regarding things foreign underwent a remarkable transformation. The Japanese were ready to throw overboard almost everything national and adopt Western ideas and institutions with rash impetuosity. Foreigners were welcomed, praised and imitated. In the course of the years, however, the nation's self-respect has grown. Western ideas are still dominant, but the Japanese have proved quick learners and feel now quite able to cut loose from dependence on the foreigner. Perhaps the highest ambition of the nation to-day is 'to beat the foreigner on his own ground.' The various branches of the public service have almost entirely dispensed with their foreign helpers. The chairs in the Imperial University are now chiefly occupied by natives. The Japanese manage their own postal service, operate their railways and tele-

graphs, train their soldiers and collect their customs. The Japanese own fine steamers, but to gain and keep their share of the carrying trade in the face of strong and keen competition they must continue to employ largely English and American captains.

JAPANESE INFANTRY, SOUTHERN MANCHURIA.

"With the growth of their self-reliance, alongside the development of an intense national spirit, which is one of the prodigies of their new era, the foreigner has become less needed and consequently less respected. There is reason for believing that leading minds among them, if not the body of the more thoughtful and ambitious Japanese, regard the European nations as becoming effete and themselves destined to take their place as the future leaders of the world's advance.

"But while the foreigner in Japan has dropped somewhat from the height of esteem in which he was once held, he nowhere meets with

the contemptuous dislike so often found in China. There is just now a great amount of national vanity in the Mikado's empire. The public feeling is extremely sensitive. The Japanese regard their pupilage as past and will not allow themselves to be loftily patronized. They demand to be considered the equals of the most favoured nations, and certainly with a show of reason.

"No doubt there are scores of unfriendly critics who will brand the new civilization of Japan as a mere varnish which scraped with a pen-knife will reveal unmollified rawness and aboriginal barbarism. But this is an altogether cynical view which will not harmonize with a wise induction of facts. The Japanese have no doubt many and grave faults. They are very far from political or social perfection. In some important regards they are as yet far behind what we call the Christian commonwealths. If this were not so we should have little warrant for sending hither hundreds of missionaries at great expense and other costly sacrifices; nevertheless the sympathetic observer will not fail to regard the new civilization of this island empire as a vigorous and substantial growth which deserves hearty recognition and generous confidence. Seriously faulty as Japanese morality in many of its phases undoubtedly is, the best minds of the nation are alive to the value of *character*. The Japanese are not only the politest of people but are humane as well. They are seeking to remodel their jurisprudence and bring it into harmony with the best modern standards. They have proved their bravery in the field, yet shown themselves merciful to a fallen foe. They have not only been faithful to their treaty obligations, but capable of generous interpretations and gratuitous favours."

Bishop Galloway, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, thus describes his visit to the Mikado's capital:

"Tokyo, the Mikado's capital, a city of many conflagrations and destructive earthquakes, the centre of the Empire, where old and new Japan meet together, and which every patriotic Japanese hopes to see before he dies, is the commercial, industrial, and political metropolis of the country. It has a population of nearly 1,500,000, unusually wide streets, electric lights, tramways and stone bridges, and some very handsome public buildings. Long the headquarters of the Shoguns, Tokyo is intimately associated with the most brilliant military history of this island kingdom.

"Our first day in the capital was the holy Sabbath. We went out, not 'for to see' old Buddhist and Shinto temples, but to attend service in Christian churches. First we stopped at the Greek cathedral, one of the most imposing buildings in all Japan. Built by Bishop Nicolai —who has been the most successful missionary in the country—it occupies a commanding position, and is really a gem of architecture. The service, attended by about 150 persons, was elaborate and very ritualistic, but to me rather impressive. The venerable bishop and his ten or twelve native priests were clad in gorgeous vestments. They swung incense until the clouds were dense and the odours intense, while intoning prayers and chanting psalms to the congregation which stood or sat or bowed on the floor.

"I learned much of Bishop Nicolai's work—unique and in some respects unequalled. He has about twenty thousand members, and all these have been gathered with the aid of but one other foreign missionary. With a genius for leadership of the highest order, he has organized an army from among the people for the conquest of their own country. While not accepting his doctrines, and having no toleration for his

ritualistic practices, no one can properly study the religious forces of Japan without taking this remarkable man and his great cathedral into account.

"Leaving the cathedral we visited the Methodist Tabernacle, a large modern brick structure, built by Dr. Eby, of the Canadian Methodist Mission. The doctor is now absent in Canada, and the congregation is not so large as formerly. Instead of a sermon that morning, some good, orthodox brother was conducting a class-meeting. Both the building and the service gave me a genuine Methodist home feeling, although I understood not the testimonies given, and only the tunes that were sung. Thank God, we are a witnessing people, whether in America or in the isles of the sea—whether in the Queen's dominions or the Mikado's Empire.

"We visited the Imperial University—the Daigaku, founded in 1856, and already the educational pride of Japan. Some of the buildings are modelled after those at Oxford University, England, including those beautiful quadrangles. There are twenty schools in the university, embracing everything from law to veterinary medicine. The calendar, a stout volume in English of 214 pages, reads very much as do the annuals of American universities, except as to degrees conferred. If this university, with its 1,500 students, were brought under Christian influence, the day of Japan's redemption would be near at hand. Though not positively Christian, it is the product of Western thought. Such an organization, and such a national spirit to sustain it, were not possible before Commodore Perry anchored his flagship in Yokohama bay.

"Near the university is the large Tokyo Library, with over three hundred thousand volumes. I noticed that the large and well-regulated reading-rooms were crowded with quiet, eager students. Many young men, in their native dress and undress, looked very much like the coolies pulling our jinrikshas; but they had English, German, and Japanese books on science, engineering, political economy, etc., in their hands, and were diligently making notes. May be some of these blowzy-headed fellows will yet be counsellors of the Mikado, or historic names in the world's literature. These young Japanese are diligent and critical readers.

"The National Museum—the Smithsonian Institute of Japan—contains a large and creditable collection, illustrating very strikingly the natural, national, and industrial history of the Empire. Hours could be spent there to profit.

"At Aoyama (Green Mountain), a beautiful suburb of Tokyo, is located the Anglo-Japanese College of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The grounds comprise twenty-five acres, and are quite elevated—overlooking the city and the sea for a great distance. I very much regretted to see the large brick dormitory and Goucher Hall so badly wrecked by the recent earthquake. Over twenty thousand dollars will be necessary to repair the damage. Our brethren have here a fine plant, and are doing good work.

"Returning to the city, we called at the Canadian Methodist schools, and found that the earthquake had shaken the foundations there also. To Mr. Crummy, the president, whom I afterward met, and from whom I received much valuable information, a debt of gratitude is hereby acknowledged. All these and other buildings and institutions are the representatives of new Japan. Their architecture, together with the dress of the better classes, the width of the streets, and the construction of the business houses, indicate an evolution from the old Japan which lived a hermit, went naked, and beheaded foreigners. The average

street in a typical old Japanese city is about thirteen feet wide, and well filled with happy people unencumbered with excessive raiment. Of the old temples, dingy and dilapidated, where pigeons roost and money changers sell their little wares, where the ignorant clap their hands to wake a sleeping god and repeat their meaningless prayers, where the Shoguns are buried and the old idols are daubed with paper balls, the prayers of the superstitious, others have written so much and so well, that I must forbear. Besides, I prefer progress, and delight in the things that prophesy better days.

"In Tokyo, by agreement and appointment, I attended an informal conference of representatives of the five branches of Methodism engaged in mission work in Japan. Bishop Ninde was also present. The questions of special discussion was the unification of Methodist educational interests. There was a free interchange of fraternal opinion, and the whole matter referred to the several Conferences and missions for official action. Some plan of federation is a growing necessity."

THE TRIUMPH SONG.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

WHAT sea is this from shore to furthest shore
That all unruffled spreads its broad expanse:
That knows not, nor can know, the sombre shade
Of threatening storm-cloud; but whose surface clear
Mirrors such fervent hues of rose and gold,
Amber and amethyst—as it doth seem
A sea of crystal intermixed with fire?
What sounds are these that o'er the glowing tide
Harmonious float? What thrilling symphonies
From golden harpstrings? What entrancing notes
From voices dulcet pure, and rich in power
As sweetness,—like the mighty music of
Rejoicing water-floods?

This is the sea,
The calm and peaceful sea, encompassed by
Heaven's bright eternal shores. These lofty strains
Exultant rise from the vast victor throng
Who safe those shores have gained,—sin, sorrow and
The grave forever vanquished. In His praise,
Their Leader and their Sovereign, Who, alone,
Hath made them conquerors, the chorus swells:
And this the song which gladsome voices raise
While harp-tones ring responsive: O how great
And wondrous are Thy works, Almighty Lord;
How just and true Thy ways, Thou King supreme
From age to age. Who shall not bow before Thee
And render to Thy name adoring laud?
For only Thou art holy. Worlds on worlds
Shall come and worship Thee, the righteousness
Of all Whose actions is made manifest.

'Tis but by faith's quick sight and sentient hearing,
In the dim distance we do now discern
That radiant scene—and catch the far-off echo
Of triumph's pealing strains.
But sweetly near
The longed-for day approaches when our feet
Shall tread those sun-bright strands,—our eyes behold,
In very truth, the glories of the waters,—
While our glad voices join the chorus grand
Of the majestic Pæan.

TORONTO.

THE DOMINION OF CANADA—ITS EXTENT AND RESOURCES.*

BY THE REV. ROBERT WILSON, D.D.

TERRITORIALLY Canada is a great country; extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the United States boundary to the Arctic Ocean, and embracing within these limits about one-sixteenth of the whole earth. The historian Robertson's remarks about America as a whole are equally true of Canada. He speaks of Nature here carrying on her work on a scale of peculiar grandeur. Contrasted with her mighty streams, the rivers of Europe are mere brooks. Were her great lakes found in the Old World they would be dignified with the name of seas, and were her vast and varied resources of river, forest, field and mine located on the other side of the Atlantic, poverty would disappear and the nations would sing for joy of heart.

Many have very inaccurate ideas on this subject, for accustomed to think and speak of the continental nations the average European is unable to realize the vastness of the Canadian domain. To illustrate. The united duchies of Brunswick and Saxe-Coburg Gotha, which have given sovereigns to the proudest empires of modern times, are only equal in size to little Prince Edward Island. Denmark and Switzerland combined, each rich in the traditions of a glorious past, possess no more acres than are found in New Brunswick. Greece, the land of Marathon and Thermopylæ, is no larger than Nova Scotia. France, chivalrous, heroic France, the empire of Charlemagne, St. Louis and Napoleon, is smaller than Quebec. Great Britain, the land of heroes and historians, of poets and of sages, whose names and deeds are embalmed in deathless song, would require Holland and Saxony to make her the equal of Ontario. Austria and Belgium would be dwarfed if placed beside British Columbia. Scotland, which has given to the world a Knox and a Chalmers, a Scott and a Burns, a Watt and a Stevenson, a Bruce, a Wallace and a Clyde, is not half the size of Manitoba. Ireland, upon whose glory-roll are the names of Wellington, Burke, Curran, Dufferin, and scores of others scarcely less distinguished, is very little larger than New Brunswick. And a dozen countries as large as Spain could be carved out of the territories of Alberta, Athabasca, Assiniboia and Saskatchewan.

Or, to make comparisons nearer home, take the provinces of the Dominion in detail, and we find that Prince Edward Island is about as large as Delaware; Nova Scotia owns more acres than Massachusetts and Vermont combined; New Hampshire, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Connecticut and Rhode Island rolled into one would only equal New Brunswick. It would take New York, Pennsylvania and Maryland to make a Quebec; Ontario is more than two and a half times larger than New York; Manitoba is twice

* Reprinted from *Southern Methodist Review.*

the size of Massachusetts; British Columbia embraces a wider extent of territory than is found in all the above named States.

Here, then, is "ample room and verge enough" to satisfy the most ambitious, and within which to achieve the greatest triumphs in the different departments of human effort. Here, unencumbered on the one hand by many of the laws and usages of the Old World, and on the other free from the perpetual excitement and revolutionary tendencies of republicanism, the loyal sons of Britain have had committed to them the great problem of constitutional government. As the British is considered the model government of the Eastern Hemisphere, as the only safe and efficient system at all compatible with extended dominion, it is the object of the Canadian people to reproduce its counterpart in the Western.

Canadian history is not very richly adorned with the names of those who have won immortal fame on the ensanguined field of war, not because her sons are destitute of the material out of which heroes are made, but because, fortunately, opportunities for thus distinguishing themselves have rarely been afforded. But there are other victories than those won "amid the groans, the cries, the dying strife." The axe and the hoe have wrought mightier triumphs than the rifle and the sword. The whistle of the locomotive is a much more agreeable sound than the strains of martial music. The conversion of the dreary woodland into a fruitful field, and the building of towns and cities in the once untrodden wilds, are achievements of far greater value than any won in war. The church and the schoolhouse, the reading-room and the lecture-hall, are truer signs of progress than the most formidable ironclad or fortress.

The history of Canada, however, is neither dull nor uninteresting. Connected therewith is many an incident of wild adventure and deadly encounter; of patient endurance and heroic daring; of perilous enterprises and marvellous escapes, and of scenes and circumstances to which attach a most romantic interest, and which have again and again been made "to point a moral or adorn a tale." From its pages we learn how the dusky savage was wont to surprise and scalp the unsuspecting paleface; how the Frank and Saxon struggled for the supremacy; how the patriotic colonist sought to lay broad and deep the foundations of a new empire; and how the pious missionary of the Cross endeavoured to Christianize the native races. It tells also how, on several occasions, her sturdy sons, though few in number, rose in their might and repelled the attacks of those who, first by honeyed words and then by force of arms, had sought to separate her from the grand old Motherland. With all this the intelligent reader is already familiar.

The climate of Canada has been greatly misrepresented and the severity of its winters unduly exaggerated. True, she has not the soft and sunny skies nor the balmy breezes of more southern climes, but these are more than compensated for by a happy immunity from many of the diseases indigenous to other lands. Epidemics, so destructive elsewhere, are of rare occurrence, are comparatively light and confined within narrow limits, while the general healthfulness and longevity of the people prove the climate to be an exceptionally good one. As a whole it is dry, healthy, and invigorating; in the North-West cattle graze at large all winter, while along the Canadian shores of the Pacific the Japanese current produces the same effects as the Gulf Stream does in England.

Canada is very largely an agricultural country, considerably more

than half the whole population being engaged in farming operations. Up to a comparatively recent date the aid of science was but little sought for in this important field of effort, and nature was allowed to work out her processes as best she could. But things are different to-day. Science has joined hands with nature and their combined forces have been pressed into the service of the farmer. As a consequence the products of the field have become richer in variety and larger in volume.

In every province there are large areas now under cultivation and still larger ones awaiting cultivation. Almost every acre of Prince Edward Island can be farmed to profit. Various fruits and every kind of cereal grain and grass are raised in immense quantities in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. There is an abundance of excellent land in Quebec yet unoccupied. Ontario is an annual exporter of enormous supplies of food products. Manitoba was well and truly described by Lord Dufferin as, "a land of magnificent distances and unlimited possibilities." Hon. Mr. Seward, Secretary of State in the Cabinet of President Lincoln, after a tour through these then newly opened up regions, declared them to be the greatest bread-producing countries in the world.

That declaration is being verified by the logic of events. Each year sees a heavier yield than the one preceding it, and the resources of the regions referred to are such as to defy all calculation as to what may be produced. In the Budget speech of Mr. Foster, the Finance Minister, during a late session of Parliament the gratifying statement was made that the value of the farm products exported during the last fiscal year amounted to over $50,000,000, being an increase of more than $6,000,000 over the year before. Mr. Wiman, who is extremely anxious that Canada should cast in her lot with the United States, says: "Here is room for future millions that must from Europe come. The United States have nearly exhausted their arable soils and a land hunger has set in that only in Canada can be appeased. . . . Canada must be relied upon as the granary from whence must come the future food supply of the world."

The forest has always furnished profitable employment to a large portion of the population. The principal woods are pine, spruce, cedar, birch and maple. While by reason of fires and reckless cutting the sources of supply are being constantly diminished yet such is the vastness of the supply yet untouched that many a long year must pass away ere any want will be felt or inconvenience experienced. We have no means of ascertaining the amount produced for home use, but the value of the exports for last year ran up to about $26,000,000.

The mineral wealth of the Dominion is as yet an unknown quantity. From Cape Breton to British Columbia valuable deposits of various kinds are known to exist, but to what extent has not been determined. This much, however, is certain, that the supply is practically inexhaustible, at least in the more useful kinds. Until quite recently the immense coal-fields of the North-West were comparatively valueless on account of their remoteness from the sea and the lack of facilities for transportation. But the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway and its numerous branches, has made them available, not only for the furnishing of fuel for the prairie regions but for export as well. The value of the exports last year amounted to over $5,800,000. What the developments of the future along this line may be it is impossible to determine, but that they will be of a gigantic character no prophet's eye is needed to foresee.

Of the value and extent of the Canadian fisheries it is impossible to speak in exaggerated terms. From Hudson's Bay to the Bay of Fundy, embracing some ten thousand miles of broken and indented coast, with harbours, bays, inlets and rivers innumerable, are to be found the richest fisheries in the world. Here a good and beneficent Creator annually provides for the use of man an abundance of the most valuable of the finny tribes, and to these waters for more than two centuries have the hardy fishermen of Britain, France and the United States resorted to share in the profits of the trade. For their possession many a battle has been fought, and when France was finally driven from the American continent, she still clung to a few insignificant islands, and by diplomacy succeeded in obtaining from her victorious rival certain fishing privileges which have been of incalculable benefit to her people. For the right to fish in these waters American statesmen have written, and threatened, and all but involved the two nations in war. These things speak volumes and show the estimate placed upon this trade by those best competent to judge. About seventy thousand persons are engaged in the business itself, besides those on shore who are employed in the manufacture of boats, nets, barrels, and other requisites. More than thirty-one thousand vessels and boats, valued at $4,840,000, are required to carry it on, and the total value of production of 1894 was in the neighbourhood of $20,700,000—one-half of which was sent to other countries.

But manufactures are indispensable to national greatness. Without them there can be little of private or public wealth, little of civilization, little of independence as a commonwealth, and little of political importance and power. To furnish food for others to live upon, and raw materials for others to work over and grow rich by the application of their skill, art and ingenuity, is a condition of dependence and subserviency both individually and nationally. The power to turn rude materials into things of beauty and usefulness, is a potent means of promoting the public prosperity. Of this we have in Great Britain a most striking example. In her we behold the greatest power on earth, occupying a position of unequalled and unprecedented importance, and holding a recognized supremacy upon the ocean, without any special natural advantages securing to her such an amplitude of power and dominion. So insignificant in size that were she drowned in the depths of the sea she would hardly be missed, with a climate and soil by no means the best, without forests, with comparatively little water power, and rejoicing in but few of Nature's bounties, yet despite all this taking the lead of all the world in activity, power, wealth, influence and splendour, laying every nook and corner of creation under tribute, wielding a sceptre over an empire on which the sun never sets, and giving laws, language and literature to nearly one-fourth of the world's population. To this proud position she has largely been led by the manufacturing skill and genius of her people.

During the last few years Canada has made large advances along this line. Many articles previously brought from abroad have been produced at home, and some of these in such abundance that after supplying domestic needs heavy exportations have been made to the Motherland, the United States and other countries. Looking at her vast and varied resources, the words of Mr. Wiman will scarcely be called extravagant when he says:

"Canada possesses the potentialities of wealth in minerals, in agriculture, in timber and in coal to as great an extent in the Maritime Provinces as New York and Pennsylvania combined . . . Ontario

and Quebec full of possibilities in people, products and latent power. The wonderful region of the North-West, the future granary of the world; and British Columbia, the richest Province under the sun. . . . This huge Samson of strength and power, this sleeping giant of the world, this vigorous, forceful home of a section of the Anglo-Saxon race. What possibilities abroad has this land of raw materials, of cheap food products, of abundant water power, of enormous distributive facilities, and of a brave and patient people."

But in speaking of Canada as a "sleeping giant," Mr. Wiman is neither generous nor just, as the following statistics will fully show. She has 15,020 miles of railway, towards which the Government has contributed about $147,000,000; the earnings of which in 1894 amounted to over $52,000,000, and the profits yielded some $15,000,000. During the year these trains had run over 45,000,000 miles of road, had carried 13,587,265 passengers, and had handled 22,414,357 tons of freight. On her canals there have been expended $68,000,000; to the credit of the people there are deposits in the banks to the amount of something over $225,000,000; the value of life insurance policies run up to $332,000,000; her shipping is estimated at $47,000,000, while the value of the imports and exports amounted last year to $241,000,000.

But there is another class of statistics of equal, if not of even greater importance than these, which require to be referred in order to reach right conclusions concerning the character of the Canadian people. From the report of the Postmaster-General, recently laid before Parliament, we learn that during 1894 there passed through the 8,477 post-offices of the Dominion 106,290,060 letters, 23,000,000 cards, and over 93,000,000 papers and parcels. These were carried over 30,500,000 of miles by steamer, train or stage, at a cost to the country of nearly $5,000,000; over 75,000 miles of wire some 5,000,000 messages were sent; one-fifth of the population attend the public schools, for whose education there is an annual expenditure of upwards of $10,000,000, besides large sums given to support of the universities, colleges and academies; nearly $2,131,000 is required for the maintenance of humane and charitable institutions, and many other things important in their influence but which cannot be reduced to statistical calculation.

But, perhaps, the most important factors in the formation of Canadian character, and those that will most largely affect her future are to be found in language and race. Theoretically it may be true that men are born free and equal, but as a matter of fact it is not so, and what is true of individuals is equally true of nations. As the Hebrew, Greek and Roman races were the leading ones in the olden times, the Anglo-Saxon leads to-day. However modified by circumstances, its great dominant features are the same everywhere—the respecter of law and order, the friend of freedom, the patron of progress, the protector of the home, and the defender of the rights of conscience. To build a home, to establish good government, and to worship his God as he sees fit, is the ambition of the Saxon; and all this he has done wherever he has obtained a foothold. This has been as true of the Canadian branch of the family as of any of its other members, as the foregoing figures clearly show.

"Indeed," says Mr. Wiman, "the force and vigour resulting from the admixture of Celt and Saxon, is found in British North America to be more developed than elsewhere on the globe. They are more assertive, more self-sufficient, more intensely political than their cousins across the border. Comparing the Canadian people with those of any other nation it is impossible not to reach the conclusion that in all the virtues that go to make up a vigorous community they are unequalled. Their ancestry made this al-

most certain. The industry needed to clear the land, the vigorous effort required to bring a living out of the soil or the sea, and the privations endured in subduing the soil, laid the basis for a great people."

When we say the language of the country is the English we are aware that the mother tongue of many is French, but the fact is that a knowledge of the latter is becoming less and less a necessity. While we do not say with some that ours will become the language of mankind, we feel assured the day is at hand when this will be true of every Canadian. And it is right it should be so, not only because it is the language of the majority and the ability to use it is needed by everyone who would intelligently fill any position in Church or State, but also because of the blessings which follow in its train. It is thought freighted with the noblest contributions from every cultured clime, while it bears to other lands native products of its own as rich in the ripened fruits of the loftiest genius as any that it brings home to its Saxon sons. The speech of Greece was more flexile, more euphonious, more elastic and scientific; that of Rome more stately, majestic and philosophic; those of modern Italy and France more soft and flowing and sprightly; but in no speech that ever gave voice to human thought, or an outlet to human passion, is there treasured up for the lover of knowledge a richer endowment of wisdom and truth, of fact and deduction, of what is splendid in imagination and tender in pathos, than in the language in which was sung the lullaby over our cradle, and in which will be sobbed the requiem over our grave.

Such then is the Canada of to-day —young, strong and hopeful, her real strength unknown, her resources undeveloped, her capabilities as yet undreamed of. To those who must leave the Old Land she offers the rarest inducements, her greatest need to-day being honest and industrious settlers. What her future will be time alone will tell, but unless some unforeseen and unavoidable calamities overtake her we are warranted in looking to a career of ever-increasing prosperity and of ever-widening influence and power.

THE PIRATE.

BY R. WALTER WRIGHT, B.D.

[The Greek word *πειράζων* (tempter) is from the same root as our word "pirate."]

The Pirate, with black hulk and murderous crew,
And blood-red flag, on every sea yet sails;
His hellish spoils, dead men that tell no tales,
And ruined souls, are ever victims new;
The fairest shores with blight he still doth strew,
Earth's mightiest mariner before him quails
When eagle-like he swoops, and when he hails
With treacherous truce, earth's wisest can outdo.
O Thou Great Admiral of Love and Light!
Thy blood-red flag floats, too, on every sea,
Beneath its folds for refuge shall we flee.
Thou, mightier than all the corsair's might,
Wiser than all his stratagem and sleight,
Shalt wing each ship of Faith with Victory.

Plattsville, Ont.

JANE CLEMENT JONES.

BY THE REV. N. BURWASH, S.T.D., LL.D.

Chancellor of Victoria University.

"That also which this woman hath done shall be spoken of for a memorial of her."

THE early years of this century still witnessed the movement of population from the United States to Upper Canada. A few years before the great Loyalist movement had broken in upon the solitude of our primæval forests and had proved that underneath their dark shadows there lay concealed a soil rich in all the resources of a prosperous people. And so for nearly half a century a portion of the stream of young enterprise and ability which was flowing from the rocky hillsides of New England, found its way to our Canadian shores. It would scarcely be fair to think or speak of these early settlers as foreigners or immigrants. They, or their fathers, were born under our British flag; they spoke our language; they were familiar with all the ways of our new country. They were often the old neighbours, sometimes the blood-relations, of the Loyalist founders of Upper Canada, and when they came among us they were at once at home—loyal citizens of the young land and loyal subjects of its King.

Among these incomers, in the year 1811, was a young harness-maker named Clement, from the village of Goffstown, in New Hampshire. There was at that time, tradition says, no one of his trade between Montreal and Kingston, and when he built his little backwoods home, at what is now the town of Brockville, he soon obtained a contract from the Government to refit the cavalry, who then were continually moving from east to west—along the shores of the St. Lawrence and the lakes. Here, in the November of that year, he planted his wife, Elizabeth Bancroft, and two little daughters, Phœbe and Elizabeth. In the course of years the little group grew to seven, Lucy, Martha, Sarah, Jane, and George being born in the Canadian home, on the banks of the beautiful St. Lawrence. Here, by the beginning of the thirties, the two elder daughters, Phœbe and Elizabeth, were married, the first to young Billa Flint, the son of the prosperous merchant of the same name, the second to Rufus Holden, then a young man in mercantile life, and afterwards for long years a prominent citizen and physician of the city of Belleville. Shortly after, in the second cholera year, 1834, the father, who was evidently a man of ability, entrusted by the Canadian Government with important commissions, and who has left behind him a record as a friend of the poor, the sick and the afflicted, was suddenly taken from his household by the fatal epidemic.

The name of the mother, Elizabeth Bancroft, contains a history in itself. We meet it in places of influence far back in English history. In New England it stands on the earliest rolls of the colony, and holds a proud place in American history, for the large number of the name distinguished in literature and in public life. It carries with it many of the best intellectual and religious traditions both of Old England and of New England. Certain it is that Elizabeth Bancroft was not unworthy of her name, and handed down to her children, both in natural endowments and in careful Christian training, those noble traits which have distinguished both the family

and the race to which they belonged.

Already, in 1834, they had become connected with Methodism, which, in those early days, gathered to itself through its devoted pioneers all the earnest religious spirits of the land, except those attached to the two established Churches in the centres of population. The Flints, father and son, were both prominent and active Methodists, and it is not yet a year since the son, the Hon. Senator Flint, passed to his rest, in Belleville, at the ripe age of eighty-nine, after more than fifty years of active toil in Sabbath-school, temperance, and general church work. The Holdens were also a family widely influential and honoured, both in the Methodist and Presbyterian Churches.

Thus from the very beginning this family became linked with the best elements of our young Canadian life in religion, in commerce, and in public affairs; and when, in 1834, Mrs. Clement was left a widow, she was not without attached and influential friends. In the same year she removed to Belleville, where her son-in-law, Mr. Flint, was now established in business; and from this date her descendants were identified with all that is most important in the history of this city. Here she was again called to drink the cup of sorrow in the sudden death of her only son, and of a loved daughter. And here, in after years, she was permitted to see all her remaining children settled about her in beautiful, prosperous and happy homes. And here, in 1851, surrounded by her children, she died in peace in a good old age.

It is out of such a family history as this that we are introduced to Jane Clement Jones, the youngest surviving member of the household. We first meet her as the bright, happy, beautiful child, full of the energy and spirits of youth, enjoying all life to the full. There comes to us, out of the tradition of childhood, a picture of the playhouse of the children in the shadow of the great rocks, under the overhanging vines, close by the gliding stream of the great St. Lawrence. In such a home as this was imagination quickened and the capacity for the purest enjoyments of life called out in full strength. Another picture sits before us—the round, merry face of the happy child, with basket in hand, tripping her way to the cabin of some poor or sick neighbour with the good things provided by father's and mother's kindness. Nor must we forget the other picture, which fills with beauty the simple furnishings of every Puritan home, of the old Bible, the family altar, the blazing fireside, the sweet songs of Zion, mother's teaching, and the sunny quiet of the chamber where she prayed for and with the children till their hearts were melted into penitence by her tears.

But there were other tearful pictures as well in this young life. In a few short hours the father so kind and loved was stricken with the plague, died and was hurried away to the grave by the trembling neighbours. With almost equal suddenness, if not with equal terror, sister Sarah was taken by the rupture of a blood-vessel, and finally the only little brother she had ever known was carried home from the cold, dark waters of the river, drowned.

It is easy to follow the results of all this on the sensitive, emotional spirit of the child. The unseen world came very near. The conviction of sin under the stern old Puritan teaching was deep and lasting. At ten years of age, just after her father's death, the decision of life appears to have been fully made in a revival which at that time touched the Sunday-school and gathered in many of the children; after earnest, prayerful seeking she found the peace of God. With the

example before them of this one of the noblest Christian lives of our time thus laying its deep foundations of repentance and faith in early childhood, let no one presume to question the reality of childhood piety. But let us lay, as here, the old foundations of repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, not trusting to some shadowy modern conception of a universal regeneration.

But with this healthful, moral and religious development there was also the furnishing of education such as the facilities of that day afforded. The elementary schools of the thirties did not offer a very extensive curriculum, and all they could give was soon mastered by a bright young mind; and as yet but few higher schools had been planted in our country, and to these the young ladies were not admitted. But Methodism, both in its laity and ministry, had already appreciated the importance of this problem. The resolution had been taken as early as 1830 to found an academy for the liberal education of the youth of both sexes. After some six years of heroic effort the work was accomplished, and for the next six years the young men and the young women of our best Canadian Methodist families were found in Upper Canada Academy, pursuing studies which would fit them for lives of wider usefulness. Here we next find Jane Clement laying the foundations which enabled her to be the leader and teacher of hundreds of men and women in after days. Very speedily, indeed, did she enter on the employment of her talents, for already at sixteen we find her teaching in the Sabbath-school, a place maintained for fifty years until the last long affliction shut her out from work.

But we have been studying these early years of life as the training-school for her subsequent eminently useful career. Not least important among the influences of this period was her close contact with the active business of life. When left alone with her one child her mother found her home with her elder daughter, Mrs. Flint. Mr. Flint was a practical, energetic and eminently successful merchant. Then other sisters, Mrs. Holden, Mrs. Holton, Mrs. Harrison, were all married to young men in Mr. Flint's employ, and who, a little later, founded successful business places of their own. The growing, active young woman was in daily contact with the plans and cares, the difficulties and the success of business, and with the strong, practical genius of her people, drank in its spirit and was familiar with its lessons. In 1847, she linked her life with another of Mr. Flint's assistants, Mr. Nathan Jones, and together they started to push the fortunes of life.

We have often had reason to admire the results of the "business colleges of those olden days." A Flint in Belleville, a Jackson in Hamilton, a Ferrier in Montreal, were typical examples. Their young men were not mere paid underlings or servants. They were rather as younger brothers, or as sons with their father, rendering due reverence and faithful and obedient work, but with nothing of the degradation of servitude, They were members of one household, they worshipped around one family altar. They had common thoughts and ambitions. The younger was impressed by the character of the elder and learned all his methods of business. It was both the ambition and the advantage of the senior to set his boys up for themselves as soon as they had proved their capacity, in branches and extensions of his business.

So was it here, and Belleville has on its roll of successful citizens, who through a long life built up the commercial strength of the Bay City and its back country, no more honoured and successful names than

those of Billa Flint and his brothers-in-law. Not last among these noble men was Nathan Jones, and not least among the elements which from the outset contributed to his success, were the splendid talents of his young wife. No one could select the most attractive goods for the season's trade as could she; and no one could find just what each lady customer required, whether she were the dashing belle of twenty from the town, or the elderly lady of sixty from the farm, as could she. With keen, sympathetic insight she seemed to understand everything; and the spare hours which at their first start in life she gave to helping her husband in his business, were worth more to him than thousands of capital. They grew and prospered rapidly, and soon built the beautiful Bridge Street home which many of us remember for nearly forty years past. Her little family, too, began now to engross her time and strength, and other fields of consecrated work began to open before her, but still for long years her husband enjoyed and prized her company and counsel in the purchase of stock for the ladies' department of his now extensive business. If she shared his wealth she had the proud satisfaction of knowing she had shared the toil by which it was made.

But we now approach a point from which her talents were to find a wider field and accomplish rarely successful work for God and for His Church. In the winter of 1855-6 the Rev. James Caughey visited Belleville, and for several months conducted services in the Pinnacle Street church, the Rev. John Carroll being the superintendent of the circuit. Our older people will well remember the character of the work of this man of God in various parts of our country. It was not merely a large ingathering of the young and the undecided, or the openly ungodly, into the church, though some five hundred of these were added to the membership of our own and other churches. But it was a work which lifted the leaders in the church to a higher plane of Christian life.

For fifteen or twenty years, under the labours of Caughey and the Palmers, the doctrine of entire sanctification was very familiar to our Canadian Methodism. We will not claim that the form of teaching and preaching this doctrine was beyond criticism. Perhaps it made too much of the instantaneous work. Perhaps it tended to undue subjectivity in religion, turned the thoughts too much within and too little to the calls to work without. Perhaps, in its call to work it looked more at the spiritual than at the temporal needs of humanity. Perhaps it exalted simple faith above works, beyond the measure of St. James. But it certainly did this: It aroused the conscience of the Church to a sense of the sin of lukewarmness. It called true followers of Christ up to a far higher consecration and a more earnest perfect Christian life than they had ever attempted before. It brought a baptism of power, of living present joy and peace, of abiding indwelling of the Spirit, unknown before; and certainly John Wesley would have rejoiced over it with great joy.

Mrs. Jones was now thirty years of age, rich in rare gifts temporal and spiritual, physical, intellectual and social, and all were now and forever consecrated to the Master's service, and for forty years her fidelity to that consecration never weakened. During the last five years the consecration was that of the patient sufferer, but for thirty-five it was that of work, amazing in its abundant labours, its energetic zeal, and its triumphant faith. It was this active consecration to work which saved her from that mere subjectivity which has marred the Christian perfection of so many good men, and which in our day has

fallen into fanaticism, bringing reproach upon the very name of holiness.

Nor was that work the mere pursuit of hobbies. She had heart and hand for everything that was good. She was faithful to her share in all the activities, agencies and means of grace of the Church. Her pastor could always depend on her for prayer-meeting, class-meeting, love-feast, special service or public worship. Home was not neglected, but time must be found and was found in a wonderful way for every part of the work of God. It was a matter of conscience. "I would feel guilty if I did not go," she would say in her cheery yet serious way. Yet God had given her some special gifts; these she understood, and around them she consecrated and concentrated her special energies. In these she excelled, and anticipated by many years some of the most important achievements of the Church of to-day.

The three fields which now specially opened up before her were: 1. The class-meeting. 2. The organization of young men for Bible study, self-improvement and Christian work. 3. The care of the sick and the poor. We can give but an outline of what she accomplished in each of these important departments.

Her class-books, which she carefully preserved, date from 1857, so that at the time of her death she had been a class-leader for nearly thirty-eight years. She began with a class of seventeen and an average attendance of six or seven. In a short time the membership increased to thirty, and ultimately to as many as fifty young ladies. These young women came from all classes of society. Rich and poor literally met together and their leader was the common link that bound them in one.

During these years the class-meeting was frequently on its trial. Discussions arose in the Church again and again which compelled it to vindicate its place in the constitution of the Church by its inherent usefulness, and in few places was that vindication more satisfactory than in the town of Belleville, and in such a class as that of Mrs. Jones. I have before me twelve class-books, each covering a period of about three years, all carefully marked for attendance each week, not merely as present or absent, but as distant or sick, showing that each week she made it a point to know just where each member of this large class was, and the cause of absence when absent. The former pastors of Belleville know well, too, how carefully this accurate bookkeeping was followed up by personal visitation, so that we doubt whether she ever lost a member except where, through some unfortunate influence, there was a wilful determination to give up the Christian life. Those committed to her care did not easily slip away from her. This, of course, implied great watchfulness for souls. Few leaders kept such perfect trace of the spiritual advancement of each individual member from month to month, as she. Each one seemed to lie as a burden on her soul. If any were in danger or difficulty they were always the subject of special prayer. When she felt that the safety of any one of her charge needed special effort she called for the help of the pastor, although few of us felt that we could be successful when she failed.

The intelligent conduct of the class-meeting was with her a matter of special study. Dealing with young people whose experience of the things of God was limited, and many of whom were as yet but in the rudiments of Christian life, it became her special concern to develop a more complete Christianity. As a foundation for this she aimed first of all to bring each one out to the clear, abiding witness of the

Spirit. She never felt that one of her charge was safe until they were sure of sins forgiven. Next to this she inculcated high ideals of Christian duty and consecration. Holiness to the Lord was the motto of her own life, and the standard of life which she constantly and consistently held up before all her class. But in this she was very far from depending on mere emotion. The Word was her touchstone, and few possessed in more eminent degree the power to use the Word to enlarge and enrich the work of the class-meeting hour. While fond of music, and deeply appreciating the power of song in the social means, the precepts and promises of the Word were her sheet-anchor, and her aim was to fashion and perfect both the inner faith and the outer life of her class by the rule of the Word.

The year 1869 marked the commencement of another of Mrs. Jones' distinctive fields of work. She had now been for twenty-eight years a Sabbath-school teacher and a careful Bible student. This experience led her to appreciate fully the importance of a link between the Sabbath-school and the Church, some agency by which the young men trained in the Sabbath-school might be held in touch with the school until they became fully established as members of the Church of Christ. In that year she was placed in charge of the senior Bible-class of boys, which henceforth became one of the most successful agencies of the Belleville church. She immediately estimated at full value the importance and the claims of the task before her. She felt that to hold these young men she must give them work worthy of keen, active, educated young minds. Hence she laid the foundation of her success in careful, thorough, and high-class preparation. Her notes of preparation indicate Biblical scholarship of no mean order. Geography, history, antiquities, books of travel, all contributed their light on the section studied. She possessed that essential requisite of the successful exegete —the historical imagination. She converted brief annals into living pictures filled with real, moving, acting men, and out of these she taught the great lessons of morals and religion with such attractive power that in a short time her class was overflowing.

The situation in Belleville was peculiarly favourable to her work. Two large colleges, Albert and the Ontario Business College, brought young men from all parts of the Dominion and even from beyond the seas. In the course of fourteen years in this work seven hundred and seven young men passed through her class, which often consisted of more than one hundred members. The gathering together of these young men was to her a golden opportunity. Her first thought was the conversion of each one. On the blank page of her roll of members is pasted this verse:

> "My class for Jesus! nothing less
> Can save, can sanctify, can bless,
> All earth-born skill could I convey
> 'Twould perish in the judgment day."

Of the result of her work in this respect we have no exact record, but the belief of some of the old members is that the great majority were led to Christ. Once they were clearly converted, her next effort was to develop and organize their powers of work along lines which would give character to their after life. They formed themselves into a mutual improvement class: "The object the intellectual and moral improvement of those who unite therewith." In the minute-book of this society we find that they collected a library, visited sick members, kept up a weekly programme of discussions and entertainments, organized a temperance society, and organized a band to pray and work for the con-

version of such of their class-mates as were not yet decided for Christ.

In addition to this work, which implied three meetings each week, one for prayer, one for Bible study and one of a literary and social character, a detachment of the class were always ready to assist Mrs. Jones in the cottage prayer-meetings among the poor of the city. Here was certainly the Epworth League in all its essential elements already in operation twenty-five years ago. It will surprise no one to learn that out of this work came eight or nine ministers of the Gospel, besides Sabbath-school teachers and workers beyond our power to number.

This work for young men was just fairly started when, in 1872, a terrible accident opened the door to a new field of work for Mrs. Jones. Through some mistake two trains collided a short distance east of Belleville, and in a moment cars filled with passengers were converted into a mass of mangled and scalded suffering. The wounded and dying were brought to Belleville to be cared for. A building was extemporized for a hospital. The ladies of the city volunteered as nurses, and, with a unanimity which was her most emphatic testimonial, they turned to Mrs. Jones as their leader. The service of mercy was a protracted one, for it was many weeks before all could be removed to their own homes. But it brought to the ladies of Belleville the conviction that permanent provision must be made for the wounded, the sick, and the aged and infirm poor in their young city.

Movements of this kind advance slowly, but in 1879 a Woman's Christian Association was formed for the care of the poor and the building of a home and a hospital. It was organized upon the common basis of Christian charity, without distinction of race or creed. Its first president was Mrs. Jacques, who shortly after passed to her reward and Mrs. Jones took her place, and thus almost from its beginning was the leader of the work. They began by visiting the gaol, where in the severe weather the poor found refuge with the criminals. Their hearts were at once drawn out toward these unfortunates, who for no crime but their poverty and age were driven to find their winter home surrounded by sin. They hired a little house. The furniture was begged from the members from house to house, Mrs. Jones conveying it in her own carriage to the new and humble institution.

Presently their quarters were too small for their work and a larger house was taken. Then the city council transferred to them the entire care of the aged and destitute of the city. This they willingly undertook, combining with it efforts for the salvation of unfortunate young women. In the next twenty years they reduced the expenses to the city of this work by at least one-half, while they far more than doubled its efficiency. For in the meantime they had conceived and carried by faith and prayer to a successful issue a great city charity, an honour and an ornament to their town. They built on the shores of the beautiful Bay of Quinte a group of noble buildings in which the aged and the poor could be sheltered and cared for in comfort both to body and soul and surrounded by pure and holy influences, and in which the sick could be nursed back to health again.

The faith and effort needed to struggle through to the culmination of such a work can scarcely be realized. At one time their treasury was reduced to twenty-seven cents with fifteen people in their home to be fed, when an anonymous letter to Mrs. Jones brought ten dollars to their relief. She lived herself in an atmosphere of wondrous faith in God and in the sure success of His work, and she possessed the rare

gift of inspiring others with a portion of her own gracious spirit. The Hospital and Home for the Friendless, in Belleville, are to-day an imperishable monument of her consecration to duty.

Our sketch of this eminent saint would be imperfect without a glimpse of that inner home-life in which the highest type of womanhood appears in its richest beauty and glory. The faithful, zealous class-leader, the leader and teacher of the young people, and the soul and life and head of large charitable enterprises, was at the same time the centre and soul of a remarkably happy home. Her husband was a man of remarkably quiet, even temperament, refined tastes, and excellent judgment, and the two were united in the tenderest affection. We have already noted the helpful spirit with which she began married life when fortune was still to be made. The memory of those early days of work together seems to have been treasured as a very sacred thing, only referred to once in a long time to most intimate friends. But in after years, when the children were grown up, we find husband and wife repeating the old trip to make purchases together in Montreal or holidays to the seaside, and the little records of those trips are full of the most beautiful spirit of tender wedded love purified and perfected by the sweetest graces of religion. The story of all the little incidents of the way, of the little gifts of husband to wife and wife to husband, of the daily little remembrances of the children, and of the heightened pleasure which came to all their enjoyment of nature and art as they tasted their good things of life together, is told at fifty with the artless simplicity and sweetness of a honeymoon.

In their children also they were greatly blessed. The eldest son became the companion, almost the compeer, of his mother in varied work for the Master. They lived to see their daughters settled in life, united to Christian men of sterling character and ability and growing influence in the country, while to one fell the quiet but blessed portion of tenderly caring for father and mother in the declining years of weakness and suffering, until first one and then the other entered into the rest of God.

For the last four or five years the house which had in days past been bright with the prattle of children, or cheery with the merry voices of young people, or vocal with the sweet sounds of praise and prayer, for father and children were rarely gifted in lute and song and led the devotions of the house of God for many long years, the house thus the brightest with pure joys in all the city was hushed into the saddened quiet of suffering. First father and then mother were called to pass under the rod. The grace which in the toil of life had made them strong to labour now made them patient to suffer, until after some years in this twilight of life Nathan Jones passed to his rest at seventy-six, April 22nd, 1892, and Jane Clement Jones in great peace and child-like faith followed, January 4th, 1895. Their record is well worthy of the study and imitation of coming generations of Methodists.

What though the night of earth be long and drear,
And grief may be your guest its slow hours through;
Think but of Him who left His home of light
To dwell with grief for you—
Then patient bear with the unwelcome guest,
And wile away the weary hours of night
By musings on the joy your Lord will bring
With the sweet morning light.

—*Amy Parkinson.*

JOHN WESLEY'S WORK AND INFLUENCE.

BY REV. JAMES W. LEE, D.D.,

Author of "The Making of a Man."

JOHN WESLEY was the most influential man of the eighteenth century. He had in his veins the best blood in England. On both sides he "belonged to an unbroken ancestral succession of English gentlemen." He was a fellow and Greek lecturer in Lincoln College when he was twenty-three years of age. Zeal and enthusiasm in behalf of men led him into disregard of ecclesiastical rules. He was unsophisticated and simple, and human enough to think that men were so valuable as to be worthy of saving at the cost of precedent. This was too much for the clergy of the time. They closed upon him the door of every church in England. Nothing was left him but the open air, the fields, and the wide encompassing sky. He lost the pious light that comes through stained windows, the soft music from the solemn organ, and the sentiment inspired by the effect of lofty vaultings and exquisitely carved columns, but he gained commerce with nature and the secret of winning men to a better life. His work began to take on something of the immensity of his new surroundings. The world became his parish, and the human race was embraced in the sweep of his sympathy and enthusiasm. But, nevertheless, this radical departure from the prescribed lines ordained by ecclesiastical consensus for the life and work of a clergyman in the Church of England did cut him off from the university and cultivated circles of English social life. Because of this, the prodigious amount of work performed by Wesley between the years 1738 and 1791 was not noticed or considered by the upper and educated circles of Great Britain. He had accomplished more perhaps than any man ever did before in the same number of years, but it was hidden beneath the indifference and conceit and contempt of the ruling and thinking classes of his countrymen.

It may furnish a theme for the speculation of the curious, however, to understand how it were possible for a man like the late Mark Patteson, the distinguished rector of Lincoln College, not to know anything scarcely of Wesley or his work, when Wesley had been a fellow of his own college. This was brought out one day when Hugh Price Hughes expressed his surprise to Mr. Patteson that even his college had no adequate memorial of the most distinguished fellow that ever adorned its common room. "What other fellow of Lincoln," added Mr. Hughes, "or, indeed, of any Oxford college, had twenty millions of avowed disciples in all parts of the world within less than a century after his death." "Twenty millions!" exclaimed Mr. Patteson, with a start, "twenty millions! You mean twenty thousand!" Mr. Hughes had to repeat it three times over to him before he could persuade him that he meant it. "I had not the faintest conception," said the illustrious rector of Lincoln, "that there were so many Methodists." Yet the figures given by Mr. Hughes to Rev. Mark Patteson were really too low. The Ecumenical Methodist Conference, which met in Washington in 1891, developed the fact that Wesley had a constituency in all branches of Methodism throughout the world of twenty-six millions.

Journeying never less than 4,500 miles in any year, and always until his seventieth year on horseback,

before turnpike or macadamized roads were known, we would suppose that Wesley gave himself up to horseback riding. In the fifty years of his ministry he travelled thus 250,000 miles. When we are told that he preached forty thousand sermons in the fifty years of his apostolate—an average of over two each day—we wonder how the man had any time left for anything but preaching. When we take down his works, and see that he wrote an English grammar, a Greek grammar, a French grammar, a Latin grammar, and a Hebrew grammar, we are led to conclude that he must have given his life to the study of the structure of language and the writing of grammars. But, in addition to all this, Wesley wrote a compendium of logic; he prepared extracts for use in Kingswood School and elsewhere from Phædrus, Ovid, Virgil, Horace, Juvenal, Persius, Martial and Sallust; he wrote an English dictionary; commentaries on the whole of the Old and New Testaments; a history of England from the earliest times to the death of George II.; a short history of Rome; a compendium of social philosophy, in five volumes; a concise ecclesiastical history from the birth of Christ to the beginning of the last century, in four volumes; a Christian library, in fifty volumes, consisting of extracts from all the great theological writers of the universal Church. He prepared also many editions of the "Imitation of Christ," and of the principal works of Bunyan, Law, Baxter, Madame Guyon, Principal Edwards, and Rutherford, besides a great number of short biographies, with an edition of a famous novel of the time, "The History of Henry, Earl of Moreland." He wrote a curious book on medicine, entitled, "Primitive Physic, or an Easy, Natural Method of Curing Most Diseases." He prepared numerous collections of psalms and sacred songs, with works on music and collections of tunes. He published his own sermons and journals, and started, in 1778, one of the first magazines ever published in England, and which continues to this day. Though he wrote in an age when books were not circulated as they are now, he received for his publications not less than $150,000, all of which he distributed in charity during his lifetime. It was his desire, he said, to distribute his money so fast that when he died it would be found he had not left £50 behind.

Yet in this enormous amount of literary work the energy of John Wesley was not exhausted. He founded an orphans' house at Newcastle, charity schools in London, and a dispensary in Bristol. He made experiments in electricity, and believed he had found in it a surprising medicine, and had an hour appointed every day when anyone might try the virtues of it. He established a lending fund, from which many men got the money that enabled them to lay the foundations of vast commercial enterprises. He had a room in connection with one of his preaching places in London where poor women were invited to come and card and spin cotton. He employed women who were out of work in knitting, and also sought to lessen distress by opening workshops.

But with the opening and during the progress of the nineteenth century the Wesleyan movement took on such proportions that the tremendous significance of Wesley and his work could no longer be kept in a corner. Macaulay went so far as to administer a withering rebuke to the literary charlatans of England who proposed to write the history of the eighteenth century without taking notice of Methodism and prophesied that the breed would die out. Mr. Lecky, one of the best English historians, put himself on record as to the Wesleyan move-

ment in the following declaration: "Although the career of the elder Pitt, and the splendid victories by land and sea that were won during his Ministry, form unquestionably the most dazzling episode in the reign of George II., they must yield, I think, in real importance to that religious revolution which shortly before had begun in England by the preaching of the Wesleys and Whitefield."

M. Edmond Scherer was so impressed with the work of Wesley that he wrote to the *Revue Des Deux Mondes* of Paris that Methodism was a religious movement that had changed the face of England, and that "England as we know it to-day is the work of Methodism." A distinguished professor of theology in a German university writes, "Methodism is on the point of becoming in evangelical Christianity practically, if also unknown to many, the ruling power, like Jesuitism in Catholic Christianity." He was by no means a Methodist, for he regarded this fact as in many respects one of the gravest signs of modern Christianity. Hugh Price Hughes quite agrees with the German professor, and declares that all modern religious history is summed up in the two momentous facts that Ignatius Loyola has captured the Catholic churches, and that John Wesley has captured the evangelical churches. John Henry Newman came to the conclusion that there was no middle way some years ago, and became a Catholic. John Wesley, also, in his day, believed there was no middle ground, and became a Methodist. Wesley was afraid of nothing in heaven or in earth but doing wrong.

Orthodoxy, with Wesley, consisted in a holy, consecrated life, and he took delight in quoting a piece of advice which the Archbishop of Canterbury gave him: "If you desire to be extensively useful, do not spend your time and strength in contending for or against such things as are of a disreputable nature, but in testifying against open, notorious vice, and in promoting real, essential holiness." Having read the life of Ignatius Loyola, he spoke of him as "one of the greatest men who ever lived." It is reported of him that he quoted with approval the words of an author who said: "What the heathen call reason, Solomon wisdom, St. Paul grace, St. John love, Luther faith, Fenelon virtue, is all one and the same thing—the light of Christ shining in different degrees under different dispensations." — *Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

LINES BY LUCY SMITH IN "THE METHODIST MAGAZINE," APRIL, 1894.

RENDERED INTO LATIN BY ROBERT WINTON.

LORD, in Thy sky of blue
No stain of cloud appears;
Gone all my faithless fears;
Only Thy love seems true.
Help me to thank Thee, then, I pray,
Walk in the light, and cheerfully obey.

Lord, when I look on high,
Clouds only meet my sight;
Fear deepens with the night;
But yet it is Thy sky.
Help me to trust Thee, then, I pray,
Wait in the dark, and tearfully obey.

PATER, in cæruleo cælo
Nubis umbram non video;
Timor infidelis abest;
Solùm amor verus adest;
Gratum me fecisses precor;
In via lucis gaude sequor.

Quum suspicirem in cælo
Nihil nisi nubem viso;
In tenebris timor crescit;
Tamen cælum Pater fecit.
Fidēlem me fecisses precor,
Et per tenebris triste sequor.

"AN OLD SALT'S YARN."

BY REV. JOS. G. ANGWIN.

"YES, sir, I remember that voyage quite well, and if you would like to hear the story, I will try to tell it just how it happened. You see I was only ship's boy in those days. I had signed articles on board the *Hope*, Captain Wardrof, for a trip from Harbour Grace to Liverpool and back. The brig was in the Harbour yonder with her anchor under foot, as we sailors say. Her topsail yards were mastheaded, and the clewlines and buntlines were loose, so that the sails hung in great bags from the yards, all ready to be sheeted home. I was forrard, looking away towards the old home on the hill, that I was a-leavin' for the first time to go on a long trip. I had been used to going to Labrador for the summer, but father and mother went along too. I was standing there, when Mr. Curtis, the mate—isn't it queer, sir, that every one of the officers on board is Mister when he is spoken to, while the crew is 'Bob!' or 'Tom!' or 'You lubber you!'

"As I was a sayin', Mr. Curtis he sung out to me: 'You, Bill Thompson there, come aft here and stand by the gangway, the captain is coming aboard.'

"I jumped as if I was shot, and rubbed the sleeve of my gansey across my eyes, for I had been crying — I was only a boy, sir, you know—and ran aft, and throwed the end of the fore-brace to Pat Cleary, who was pulling the bow-oar of the jolly-boat. Aboard of her was the captain, and another man I had never seen before. The captain helped the strange gentleman up the side-ladder, and showed him the way to the cabin, telling him he would find the steward there to look after him. Turning round to the mate the captain says:

"'Mr. Curtis, you may man the windlass, and get the anchor away, and hoist up the jib to swing her head around.'

"In a minute all hands of us was heaving all we knew on the windlass, while the shanty-man was leading us in a regular sailor's chorus. I never hear the sailors singing their shanty songs now that they heave up their anchors and hoist their heavy sails with them steam-winches. It did not take long, I assure you, to point her head out the harbour. Just after the men had sheeted home the tops'ls, dropped the fore-course, and a man was sent aloft on each top-gallant yard to loose the sails, I heard the captain ask where that lubber of a boy was. Knowin' that it was me he wanted, I went aft and I says:

"'Here I be, sir; did you want me?'

"He told me to go down into the cabin and clear away the everlastin' mess there was there, for, says he:

"'All the cabin stores and everything else is higgledy-piggledy, so there's not floor room enough for a fly to stand on while he kisses his sweetheart.'

"I goes down into the cabin, and it was a funny looking place enough. 'Twas a little box of a concern about ten feet square, with a table against one bulkhead — what you would call a partition, sir. Two benches, one on each side of the table, were lashed to the cabin floor. Everything was chock full of boxes and bags and parcels and bottles of one kind and another, and Jim Jones, the steward, was hard at work in his little pantry trying to

find a place for his dishes, and a locker or some other spot to stow the parcels in.

"I didn't see the strange gentleman for awhile, but by-and-bye I saw him come out of a cubby hole of a state-room on the port side. That cabin and them state-rooms—there was three more like the one he came out of—wasn't a bit like the saloons and state-rooms of the big liners, like the *Etruria*. I was down in her main saloon once, sir, with a passenger. It was a lovely place, all bright with white paint and gold, and cut glass glistening in the racks, and great big looking-glasses—mirrors, I think they called them—here and there, and a beautiful pianny by one of the bulkheads. The state-rooms was nice roomy places, with plenty of light and lots of fresh air, and clean sheets and things in the bunks

"That state-room out of which the parson come—I knew he was a parson by this time from his white choker and black clothes—was a very different kind of place, I can tell you. It was scarcely six feet long, and not more than four feet wide, and was lit by what we call a deck-light—a bit of thick green glass set in the deck planks. The narrow bunk was against the brig's side. There was no side-light nor any other way to let a breath of fresh air into the stuffy little concern unless it came between some slats in the upper part of the door.

"The parson looked as if he had been sick for a long time—pale and kind of weak, you know. I pitied him, he looked so washed-out like, and says I:

"'Can I do anything for to help you, sir?' as I saw him looking around the cabin as though he was searching for something he could not find.

"He smiled at me, and says he: 'Yes, my boy, I'd be glad of a drink of water, if you could get me one, but do not leave your work for it.'

"The steward says to me: 'Go, Bill, and get the parson what he wants. Here's a jug to get some in from the cask by the long-boat.'

"I ran up on deck with the jug—they call them pitchers nowadays, I think—and brought down some fresh water and gave it to the parson, in a white mug the steward passed out to me.

"'Thank you, my boy,' says he, 'we'll know each other better by the time we get to Liverpool.'

"That's the way I began to know parson A——. We soon got fairly to sea; everybody found his place, and we had, first along, a very pleasant time. The brig was just deep enough in the water to sail well, and the old man—that's the captain, sir, begging your pardon—liked to crack on. My eye! how he used to carry sail. The masts would bend like fishin'-poles, and the windward shrouds and backstays would hum like fiddle-strings, they would be so taut. We had mostly fine weather and fair winds till we were halfway across the herring pond. Then the wind chopped round and blew half a gale from the east'ard.

"Every day the parson used to walk up and down the quarter-deck, and in the dog-watch, when all hands would be mostly on deck, he would come forrard and talk to the men and to me. On Sundays he used to get the ensign spread on a quarter-cask, and, with his Bible on that for a pulpit, would preach us a sermon. In those days he taught me to read out of the Testament—a thing I could never do before, having had no chance to go to school when I was a little chap, and not caring to go when I came to be a hunk of a lad. While he was teaching me to read he told me about my sins and my Saviour, and tried hard to get me to be a Christian. He did the same to the men—so they used to tell in the fo'castle. Some of them used to laugh about it, but some was serious like, and two or three times,

when I was lyin' awake, I heard one of them praying. Besides, sir, they almost stopped swearing in the fo'-castle and on deck.

"Well, sir, after our fair winds had turned to foul, we kept the brig close hauled, trying our best to beat to windward. It is hard and tedious kind of work, wanting to get over the road and make a quick run, all the time knowing you are slipping sideways almost as fast as you are going ahead. However, if the wind was ahead the weather was fine, and the nights was just glorious with the moonlight, and the captain, he was carrying all the canvas she would bear.

"One of them nights, during the mate's watch—I was in his watch—we was sailin' along, not minding much of anything. Our lights was up, and it was clear and moonlight. When, all of a sudden the mate sung out:

"'Let go the main braces, and haul your yards flat aback.'

"I looked up, and there was a great big steamer. Her deck was higher than our fore-yard. Then, before I could think or move, came an awful crash that made the brig quiver from stem to stern, and from keelson to truck. Would you believe it, sir? That steamer had run us down, and we close hauled on a wind. She cut right through us just by the cat-heads, carrying away all our head-gear and breaking off our foretopgallant-mast at the cap, and making an ugly hole in our bow. In a minute everyone was on deck, and everyone thought we must go right to the bottom.

"The people of the steamer did not stop to see how much damage they had done, nor to ask if they could help us. I may as well tell you now, sir, as at any time, that about four years afterwards I was in a boarding-house in Montreal, and got talking about the collision, giving the date and latitude and longitude of the place where it happened, when a man who was listening spoke up. He says:

"'I was steering that steamer when she ran you down. We thought you would all be lost, and the captain, when I rang the bell to stop the engines, and tried to bring the ship round, swore at me and told me to keep the ship on her course. You know I could not do anything else.'

"It was then for the first time I found out the name of the steamer. From other things the captain of the brig had had a suspicion about it but could not tell for sure; but we knew that two years after she struck us that same boat must have struck a big iceberg and went down with all hands—leastways that is what everyone thought happened to her.

"But I am before my story. With the rest, the parson came on deck just as he got out of his bunk. He saw everyone was frightened, and that just then he could do nothing to help, so he quietly went down into his room again, and kneeled down by the side of his bunk and began to pray. I heard him myself, for the captain sent me below to get an axe out of the cabin, and I listened a minute while the parson prayed for his wife and babies at home, and for the captain and crew of the sinking brig.

"But, sir, wonderful to say, she did not sink. She was, as I said, loaded with oil. The shock had started some of the casks to leak, and the water coming from our pump was full of oil. That oil just spread all around the brig, and we were in water without a ripple.

"The captain, as soon as he found out we would not sink at once, sent men over the bows with old canvas and sealskins, and some pieces of board to try to stop up the ugly hole in the bow. He sent another man down into the fore-peak with an axe to break in the heads of some casks that were stowed there, so that the brig's bow might be raised

higher out of the water. While we were all busy, the wind came round from the sou'west—just the wind we wanted. I believed then, and I believe still, that wind came to us in answer to the parson's prayer, and more than me believed the same thing.

"I made up my mind that night that I would be a Christian, and next day I told the parson so, and, sir, from that day to this I have tried hard to serve my Saviour. It takes a good deal to save some men. It took that collision in the middle of the Atlantic to save me. No, sir, there is no one else of that brig's crew now alive. The captain was lost on Sable Island a year or two after the steamer ran us down, and in one way or another I have heard that all the rest are gone.

"I saw in a paper about four years ago that the parson had died somewhere in Nova Scotia. He was well known, sir, in all parts hereabouts, and a good many of the oldest members of the Methodist Church in this place were converted in a revival he had here over forty years ago. Every day I live I thank God for that trip to Liverpool, for the collision and for the parson—for it was all three together that brought me to Jesus. That's the whole story, sir, and I'm obliged to you for listening to an old man's yarn."

BURLINGTON, N.S.

"MY FATHER IS THE HUSBANDMAN."

BY REV. MARK GUY PEARSE.

GOD compass thee with favour as a shield,
Through all the season's changeful days and hours,
The changes be as to some fruitful field,
Where sun is shaded but for gracious showers,
His favour by thy strength to serve and yield,
As earth serves heaven by yielding fruits and flowers.

If biting frosts come from the bitter north,
'Tis but to fray the earth to readier mould,
'Neath leaden skies the sower goeth forth,
And fills the furrows with a weight of gold,
Though wild winds sweep and howl in threatening wrath,
The seed corn sleeps within thy heart; be bold.

There cometh soon a time when storms are still,
When all the earth is arched with sunny blue,
When thou shalt find the end of good and ill,
And how through all the harvest ripened grew;
Thy Father is the husbandman. His will
Is ever good who maketh all things new.

Since blackened roots and shapeless, withered seeds
By patient skill he brings to fairest flowers;
Since He can meet a whole world's hungry needs
By sunshine and soft winds and passing showers;
Up to what beauty and what service leads
His love, when we are His and He is ours.

AFTERWARDS.*

BY IAN MACLAREN.

He received the telegram in a garden when he was gazing on a vision of blue, set in the fronds of a palm, and listening to the song of the fishers as it floated across the bay.

"You look so utterly satisfied," said his hostess, in the high, clear voice of Englishwomen, "that I know you are tasting the luxury of a contrast. The Riviera is charming in December; imagine London, and Cannes is paradise."

As he smiled assent in the grateful laziness of a hard-worked man, his mind was stung with the remembrance of a young wife swathed in the dreary fog, who, above all things, loved the open air and the shining of the sun.

Her plea was that Bertie would weary alone, and that she hated travelling; but it came to him quite suddenly that this was always the programme of their holidays—some Mediterranean villa full of clever people for him, and the awful dulness of that Bloomsbury street for her; or he went north to a shooting-lodge, where he told his best stories in the smoking-room, after a long day on the purple heather; and she did her best for Bertie at some watering-place, much frequented on account of its railway facilities and economical lodgings. Letters of invitation had generally a polite reference to his wife—"If Mrs. Trevor can accompany you, I shall be still more delighted;"—but it was understood that she would not accept.

"We have quite a grudge against Mrs. Trevor, because she will never come with her husband; there is some beautiful child who monopolizes her," his hostess would explain on his arrival; and Trevor allowed it to be understood that his wife was quite devoted to Bertie, and would be miserable without him.

When he left the room it was explained, "Mrs. Trevor is a hopelessly quiet person, what is called a 'good wife,' you know.

"What can you do with a woman like that? Nothing remains but religion and the nursery. Why do clever men marry those impossible women?"

Trevor was gradually given to understand, as by an atmosphere, that he was a brilliant man wedded to a dull wife, and there were hours—his worst hours—when he agreed.

"*Cara mia, cara mia,*" sang the sailors; and his wife's face, in its perfect refinement and sweet beauty, suddenly replaced the Mediterranean.

Had he belittled his wife, with her wealth of sacrifice and delicate nature, beside women in spectacles who wrote on the bondage of marriage, and leaders of fashion who could talk of everything, from horse-racing to palmistry?

He had only glanced at her last letter; now he read it carefully:

"The flowers were lovely, and it was so mindful of you to send them, just like my husband. Bertie and I amused ourselves arranging and rearranging them in glasses, till we had made our tea-table lovely. But I was just one little bit disappointed not to get a letter—you see how exacting I am, sir. I waited for every post, and Bertie said, 'Has father's letter come yet?' When one is on holiday, writing letters is an awful bore; but just a line to Bertie and me. We have a map of the Riviera, and found out all the places you had been at in the yacht; and we tried to imagine you sailing on that azure sea, and landing among those silver olives. I am so grateful to everyone for being kind to you,

* Abridged from *McClure's Magazine.*

and I hope you will enjoy yourself to the full. Bertie is a little stronger, I'm sure; his cheeks were quite rosy to-day for him. It was his birthday on Wednesday, and I gave him a little treat. The sun was shining brightly in the forenoon, and we had a walk in the Gardens, and made believe that it was Italy! Then we went to Oxford Street, and Bertie chose a regiment of soldiers for his birthday present. He wished some guns so much that I allowed him to have them as a present from you. They only cost one-and-sixpence, and I thought you would like him to have something. Jane and he had a splendid game of hide-and-seek in the evening, and my couch was the den, so you see we have our own gaiety in Bloomsbury.

"Don't look sulky at this long scribble and say, 'What nonsense women write!' for it is almost the same as speaking to you, and I shall imagine the letter all the way till you open it in the sunshine.

"So smile and kiss my name, for this comes with my heart's love from

"Your devoted wife,

"MAUD TREVOR.

"P.S.—Don't be alarmed because I have to rest; the doctor does not think that there is any danger, and I'll take great care."

"A telegram." It was the shattering of a dream. "How wicked of some horrid person!"

An hour later Trevor was in the Paris express, and for thirty hours he prayed one petition, that she might live till he arrived. He twice changed his carriage, once when an English party would not cease from badinage that mocked his ears, and again because a woman had brown eyes with her expression of dog-like faithfulness. The darkness of the night after that sunlit garden, and the monotonous roar of the train, and the face of smiling France covered with snow, and the yeasty waters of the Channel, and the moaning of the wind, filled his heart with dread.

Will that procession of luggage at Dover never come to an end? A French seaman—a fellow with earrings and a ruddy face—appears and reappears with maddening regularity, each time with a larger trunk. That is a lady's box, black and brown, plastered with hotel labels. Some bride, perhaps . . . they are carrying the luggage over his heart. Have they no mercy?

"Guard, is this train never to start? We're half an hour late already."

"Italian mail very heavy, sir; still bringing up bags; so many people at Riviera in winter, writing home to their friends." . . .

. How cruel everyone is! He had not written for ten days. Something always happened, an engagement of pleasure. There was a half-finished letter; he had left it to join a Monte Carlo party.

Had she been expecting that letter from post to post, calculating the hour of each delivery, identifying the postman's feet in that quiet street, holding her breath when he rang, stretching her hand for a letter, to let it drop unopened, and bury her face in the pillow? Had she . . . waiting for a letter that never came? Those letters that he wrote from the Northern Circuit in that first sweet year, a letter a day, and one day two—it had given him a day's advantage. Careful letters, too, though written between cases, with bits of description and amusing scenes. Some little sameness towards the end, but she never complained of that, and even said those words were the best. And that trick he played—the thought of the postman must have brought it up—how pleasant it was, and what a success! He would be his own letter one day, and take her by surprise. "A letter, ma'am," the girl said—quite a homely girl, who shared their little joys and anxieties—and then he showed his face with apologies for intrusion. The flush of love in her face, will it be like that to-night, or . . . What can be keeping the train now? Is this a conspiracy to torment a miserable man?

A husband and wife returning from a month in Italy, full of their experiences: the Corniche Road, the palaces of Genoa, the pictures in the Pitti, St. Peter's at Rome. Her first visit to the Continent, evidently; it reminded them of a certain tour round the Lakes in 1880, and she withdrew her hand from her husband's as the train came out from the tunnel. They were not smart people—very pronounced middle-class—but they were lovers, after fifteen years.

They forgot him, who was staring on the bleak landscape with white, pinched face.

"How kind to take me this trip. I know how much you denied yourself, but it has made me young again;" and she said "Edward." Were all these coincidences arranged? Had his purgatorio begun already?

"Have you seen the *Globe,* sir? Bosworth, M.P. for Pedlington, has been made a judge, and there's to be a keen contest.

"Trevor, I see, is named as the Tory candidate—a clever fellow, I've heard. Do you know about him? He's got on quicker than any man of his years.

"Some say that it's his manner; he's such a good sort, the juries cannot resist him, a man told me—a kind heart goes for something even in a lawyer. Would you like to look. . . .

"Very sorry; would you take a drop of brandy? No? The passage was a little rough, and you don't look quite up to the mark."

Then they left him in peace, and he drank his cup to the dregs.

It was for Pedlington he had been working and saving, for a seat meant society and the bench, perhaps. . . . What did it matter now?

She was to come and sit within the cage when he made his first speech, and hear all the remarks.

"Of course it will be a success, for you do everything well, and your wife will be the proudest woman in London.

"Sir Edward Trevor, M.P. I know it's foolish, but it's the foolishness of love, dear, so don't look cross: you are everything to me, and no one loves you as I do."

What are they slowing for now? There's no station. Did ever train drag like this one?

Off again, thank God. . . . If she only were conscious, and he could ask her to forgive his selfishness.

Some vision was ever coming up; and now he saw her, kneeling on the floor and packing his portmanteau, the droop of her figure, her thin, white hands.

He was so busy that she did these offices for him—tried to buckle the straps even; but he insisted on doing that. It gave him half an hour longer at the club. What a brute he had been! . . .

Huddled in a corner of the hansom so that you might have thought he slept, this man was calculating every foot of the way, gloating over a long stretch of open, glistening asphalt, hating unto murder the immovable drivers whose huge vans blocked his passage. If they had known, there was no living man but would have made room for him . . . but he had not known himself. . . . Only one word to tell her he knew now.

As the hansom turned into the street he bent forward, straining his eyes to catch the first glimpse of home. Had it been daytime the blinds would have told their tale; now it was the light he watched.

Dark on the upper floors; no sick light burning . . . have mercy . . . then the blood came back to his heart with a rush. How could he have forgotten?

Their room was at the back for quietness, and it might still be well. Someone had been watching, for the door was instantly opened, but he could not see the servant's face.

A doctor came forward and beckoned him to go into the study.

It seemed as if his whole nature had been smitten with insensibility, for he knew everything without words.

What work those doctors have to do! . . .

"An hour ago . . . we were amazed that she lived so long; with any other woman it would have been this morning; but she was determined to live till you came home.

"It was not exactly will-power, for she was the gentlest patient I ever had; it was"—the doctor hesitated — a peremptory Scotchman hiding a heart of fire beneath a coating of ice—"it was simply love."

Then the doctor sat down opposite that fixed, haggard face, which had not yet been softened by a tear.

"Yes, I'll tell you everything; perhaps it will relieve your mind; and Mrs. Trevor said you would wish to know, and I must be here to receive you. Her patience and thoughtfulness were marvellous.

"I attend many very clever and charming women, but I tell you, Mr. Trevor, not one as so impressed me as your wife. Her self-forgetfulness passed words; she thought of everyone except herself. Why, one of the last things she did was to give directions about your room; she was afraid you might feel the change from the Riviera. But that is by the way, and these things are not my business.

"From the beginning I was alarmed, and urged that you be sent for; but she pledged me not to write; you needed your holiday, she said, and it must not be darkened with anxiety.

"She spoke every day about your devotion and unselfishness; how you wished her to go with you, but she had to stay with the boy. . . .

"The turn for the worse? It was yesterday morning, and I had Sir Reginald at once. We agreed that recovery was hopeless, and I telegraphed to you without delay.

"We also consulted whether she ought to be told, and Sir Reginald said, 'Certainly; that woman has no fear, for she never thinks of herself, and she will want to leave messages.'

"'If we can only keep her alive till to-morrow afternoon,' he said; and you will like to remember that everything known to the best man in London was done. Sir Reginald came back himself unasked to-day, because he remembered a restorative that might sustain the failing strength. She thanked him so sweetly that he was quite shaken; the fact is, that both of us would soon have played the fool. But I ought not to trouble you with these trifles at this time, only as you wanted to know all . . .

"Yes, she understood what we thought before I spoke, and only asked when you would arrive. 'I want to say "Good-bye," and then I will be ready;' but perhaps . . .

"'Tell you everything?' That is what I am trying to do, and I was here nearly all day, for I had hoped to fulfil her wish.

"No, she did not speak much, for we enjoined silence and rest as the only chance; but she had your photograph on her pillow, and some flowers you had sent.

"They were withered, and the nurse removed them when she was sleeping; but she missed them, and we had to put them in her hands. 'My husband was so thoughtful.'

"This is too much for you, I see; it is simply torture. Wait till to-morrow. . . .

"Well, if you insist. Expecting a letter . . . yes . . . let me recollect. . . . No, I am not hiding anything, but you must not let this get upon your mind.

"We would have deceived her, but she knew the hour of the Continental mails, and could detect the postman's ring. Once a letter came and she insisted upon seeing it, in

case of any mistake. But it was only an invitation for you, I think, to some country house.

"It can't be helped now, and you ought not to vex yourself; but I believe a letter would have done more for her than . . . What am I saying now?

"As she grew weaker she counted the hours, and I left her at four full of hope. 'Two hours more and he'll be here,' and by that time she had your telegram in her hand.

"When I came back the change had come, and she said, 'It's not God's will; bring Bertie.'

"So she kissed him, and said something to him, but we did not listen. After the nurse had carried him out—for he was weeping bitterly, poor little chap—she whispered to me to get a sheet of paper and sit down by her bedside. . . . I think it would be better . . . very well, I will tell you all.

"I wrote what she dictated with her last breath, and I promised you would receive it from her own hand, and so you will. She turned her face to the door and lay quite still till about six, when I heard her say your name very softly, and a minute afterwards she was gone, without pain or struggle." . . .

She lay as she had died, waiting for his coming, and the smile with which she had said his name was still on her face. It was the first time she did not colour with joy at his coming, that her hand was cold to his touch. He kissed her, but his heart was numbed, and he could not weep.

Then he took her letter and read it beside that silence.

"DEAREST: They tell me now that I shall not live to see you come in and to cast my arms once more round your neck before we part. Be kind to Bertie, and remember that he is delicate and shy. He will miss me, and you will be patient with him for my sake. Give him my watch, and do not let him forget me. My locket with your likeness I would like left on my heart. You will never know how much I have loved you, for I could never speak. You have been very good to me, and I want you to know that I am grateful: but it is better perhaps that I should die, for I might hinder you in your future life. Forgive me because I came short of what your wife should have been. None can ever love you better. You will take these poor words from a dead hand, but I shall see you, and I shall never cease to love you, to follow your life, to pray for you—my first, my only love."

The fountains within him were broken, and he flung himself down by the bedside in an agony of repentance.

"Oh, if I had known before! but now it is too late, too late!"

For we sin against our dearest not because we do not love, but because we do not imagine.

IN PART.

IF we could recognize the sounds
That out of silence grow,
The mighty music of the stars
Above our earth—below—
The chiming of a lily bell,
The foot-fall of the snow,—

We should hear other tones than these
In earth, and sea, and air;
The jarring sounds of pain and strife
Were more than we could bear;
For sin brought discord when it came,
And death is everywhere.

The awful depths of sin's abyss
If we could see and know,
And scale the shining heights whereto
Love, grace, and goodness grow;
Our souls would faint beneath the weight
Of rapture and of woe.

VICTORIA, B.C. —*Annie Clarke.*

AIRLIE'S MISSION.*

BY ANNIE S. SWAN,

Author of "Aldersyde," "Maitland of Laurieston," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

"I REALLY wish those boys would come down to breakfast when it is on the table. I am sick of their irregular hours. If your father had been alive, they would not dare to be so careless. They are getting quite beyond me altogether."

It was a fretful, peevish, complaining voice, which quite prepared one to see a discontented, worried expression of face. And yet it was a sweet, kind face, if rather undecided, the face of a woman without much strength of character, totally unfitted to face the battle of life alone. Perhaps feeble health had much to do with Mrs. Keith's fretful disposition. She had long been partially invalided and there were lines of pain and weariness on her brow, and about her drooping mouth, which told their own tale. Sordid care had never touched her, it is true, but there were other troubles which had aged her before her time. She had been deprived of the love and care of a devoted and noble husband, just when her children most needed the firmness of his guiding hand. To one of her nature the desolation of widowhood was a peculiarly bitter experience, for she was totally unfitted to breast alone the tide of life.

It was a pleasant, cheerful, luxurious place, the morning room at Errol Lodge. A cheerful fire burned in the pretty grate, and a bright, ruddy glow danced on the well-appointed breakfast table, and vied with the wintry sunbeams slanting through the crimson curtains, and playing on the golden head of a young lady at the window, busy already with a dainty piece of embroidery. Janet Keith was like a picture, in that bright setting; her fair, pale, refined face, crowned by the shining plaits of her golden hair, she looked as if nothing could ever ruffle or disturb her composure. Her dress was dainty and becoming, too, a warm crimson morning gown, fitting to perfection; the linen at throat and wrists was as spotless as the snow lying on the lawn; everything about her was tasteful and harmonious: it was something of a rest to look at her after seeing the worn, fretful, unsettled look on her mother's faded face. Mrs. Keith was sitting very near to the fire, stooping over it with her thin hands outspread to the cheerful heat, her ample white wrap gathered close about her bent shoulders, as if she suffered from the chilliness of the morning air.

"Why don't you speak, Janet?" she asked, querulously, when no response came to her.

"What shall I say, mamma?" inquired Janet, in her calm, cool, sweet voice. "You know my opinions regarding Errol and Jack. They have been too long left to the freedom of their own sweet wills, and are incorrigible now."

"That is cold enough comfort. Really, I wonder why my sons should be so undutiful. Just look at George Maitland; what a comfort he is to his mother. He considers her in everything."

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"George Maitland is an insufferable prig, I think, mamma. Our boys are gentlemen at any rate; and it is natural they should wish to enjoy life. I think Marion requires a word as well as the boys. It is twenty minutes to nine, and a quarter past eight is supposed to be our breakfast hour. I have been downstairs since half-past seven, and must confess I should like a cup of coffee now."

"Well, why don't you have it? There is nothing to hinder you."

"No, but it is best to sit down as a family," said Janet, in her prim fashion. "Why, there is Marion coming up the avenue. She is reforming, surely, when she takes a constitutional before breakfast. She looks very sober, as if she had not greatly enjoyed it."

In a few seconds the breakfast-room door opened, and Mrs. Keith's second daughter entered the room, and going up to her mother's side, put her arm round her, and kissed her affectionately.

"Oh, what a cold face, child; you make me shiver!" exclaimed Mrs. Keith, drawing back. "Where have you been? What a colour you have! Quite like a milk-maid's, isn't it, Janet?"

"Rather. It is not for complexion's sake you require a morning's walk, Marion," said Janet Keith, lifting her cold, keen, blue eyes to her young sister's round, ruddy face. "I was saying to mamma you were surely turning over a new leaf."

Marion Keith pulled off her gloves and turned her head quickly away. A hasty retort was on her lips, but she repressed it, and again approaching her mother's chair, knelt down on the hearth. She was the youngest of the family, and the least spoiled. She was only seventeen, but looked young for her years, being still, as Janet often told her, an awkward school-girl. But there was something sweet and winning about her, and the deep brown eye had an earnest, tender gleam, which betokened a warm and loving heart.

"Child, your nose is as red as a carrot! Where have you been?" pursued Mrs. Keith, looking not with approval on the offending feature.

"I was out, mamma," said Marion, vaguely. "I met the postman in the Grange Road, and there is a letter for you."

"Where is it? Who is it from?"

"It is from Tahai; a black-edged letter addressed in a strange handwriting. What can be wrong?" said Marion, drawing it slowly from her pocket.

"Reach me my eyeglass," said Mrs. Keith, starting up. "I am afraid it will be bad news of your Uncle James. He was poorly last time Airlie wrote."

Marion looked on eagerly while her mother adjusted her eyeglass and broke the seal of the ominous-looking letter; even Janet suspended her work, and waited with some interest to hear the news.

"It is just as I thought, girls; your poor Uncle James has succumbed to that frightful climate at last," said Mrs. Keith, running her eye over the brief communication. "The letter is from the Rev. Mr. Balfour, who fortunately happened to be at the station when he died. This is what he says:

"'MISSION STATION,
"'TAHAI, LIVINGSTONIA,
"'*October 14th, 18—*.

"'MADAM,—It is with deep regret I have to inform you of the lamented death of Mr. Keith, which took place this morning at daybreak. Some weeks ago he was seized with fever, and as this is his third attack, there was no hope entertained of him from the first. He became conscious towards the end, and added a word of happy confirmation to the already glorious and abiding testimony of his noble and unselfish life. He is an irreparable loss to the cause and to the poor creatures among whom he has so heroically laboured and for whom he has given up so much. He will be laid to rest beside Mrs. Keith. Miss Keith is wonderfully sustained by a

loving Lord, but is physically much prostrated. As soon as arrangements can be made, she will sail for Europe. It is her only chance of restoration to health. Devotion to her father and to the cause both had so much at heart may cost her life also. With every expression of sympathy and regard,—Believe me, yours cordially,

"'WILLIAM D. BALFOUR.

"'Miss Keith will write as soon as she is able. Fuller particulars will follow. This is in haste to catch the mail.'"

"Poor Cousin Airlie!" said Marion through dropping tears. "How dreadful to be left alone in such a country!"

"I don't think Airlie minds it at all," said Janet, quietly resuming her work; "I am quite sure that if it were not for her health she would insist on remaining among those frightful heathen. She is that kind of girl. I suppose she will be coming straight here, mamma?"

"Of course, though one invalid in a house is enough; but, poor girl, we must try and be kind to her. I must not forget that her father was my John's only brother, and that he loved him very much."

"Oh, yes, he did. How often I have heard him say he would like to go out to Tahai on a visit," said Marion, softly, with a far-away, regretful look in her eyes, which told that her thoughts were with the happy past, which had been brightened by the love of the father whom she had idolized.

"It will be rather troublesome having her here just in the middle of the season," said Janet, in the same cool fashion. "Will it be incumbent upon us to refuse all invitations on her account?"

"Really, Janet, you are rather heartless," said Mrs. Keith, in feeble remonstrance. "Of course we must go into deeper mourning, and live quietly for some months. Ah! here are the boys at last."

A scrap of the tuneful *Pinafore*, sung in a deep, musical voice, with the accompaniment of a shrill whistle, indicated the approach of "the boys," as Mrs. Keith still termed her tall sons. Both were students of medicine at Edinburgh University, preparing to follow their father's profession, only as yet they had not exhibited any of his noble, earnest, self-denying spirit. Life was still play-time to them, study occupying a very minor place; and yet, as they entered the room together, big, broad-shouldered, muscular fellows, they looked as if it were quite time they were doing some worthy work in the world.

They were a handsome pair—it was not easy to know which to admire the more: Errol, with his dark, finely-featured face, piercing, dark eye, and heavy masses of dark-brown hair, or merry, fair-haired, laughing-eyed Jack, who turned everything and everybody into good-natured fun. Both were favourites wherever they went, and were much sought after by the gay, sport-loving circle of students to whom the duties of their profession were things of very minor consideration. No jovial gathering, no night's fun or frolic, was complete without the Keiths, and perhaps all their enjoyments were not quite so innocent as those who loved them could have desired.

"Really, boys," began Mrs. Keith, but in a moment she was interrupted by the incorrigible Jack—

"Not a word, mother. We sprang when we heard the first bell. Didn't we, Errol?"

"Which must have been the breakfast bell, rung half an hour ago," said Janet severely, as she folded up her work and proceeded to take her place at the table.

"*We* are not responsible for the omission of the rising bell, miss," said Jack. "Hulloa, Min, been crying, eh!" he said, turning to Marion. "You in the black books too? Never mind, we're all chums."

"Who's the letter from, mother?"

asked Errol, who, without waiting for grace or anything else, was half through with his breakfast.

"From Tahai. Your Uncle James is dead."

"Have they eaten him at last?" asked the irrepressible. "Excuse the question, mother. In the circumstances it is natural. But what *did* he die of?"

"Fever. There's the letter."

"Read you it, Jack; I haven't time; I should be off. Minnie, you might watch for the car; I'll be too late if I walk."

"Just as if you cared. How many times have you been locked out and rather enjoyed it, eh?" said Jack.

"Mother, I'll read it after. Tell us about it. What's to become of that poor little girl Airlie?"

"She's coming here."

"Here? Oh, thunder, won't that be jolly!" said Jack, glorying in Janet's disgusted look. Janet Keith could not tolerate the slang with which her brothers freely adorned their conversation, and on that very account she heard more of it; they only liked to tease her.

"There may be two opinions about the jollity," said Errol, jumping up. "From the style of her letters I would imagine she would be rather too goody-goody for this lot."

"Speak for yourself, Errol, if you please," said Janet, stiffly.

"Oh, I did not include you. I shouldn't have presumed. Nevertheless, it is possible that even with the immaculate there may be room for improvement," said Errol, rather mockingly.

"Really, children, I wish you wouldn't snap at each other like that. I am afraid Airlie Keith will find Edinburgh heathen worse to bear than African ones."

"Especially the male portion of them," said Janet, expressively; but there was no more said, for Marion shouted that the car was coming, and the boys flew out, buttoning their overcoats as they went. Then the ladies drew into the table to enjoy their breakfast and discuss in all its bearings the news the African mail had brought.

CHAPTER II.

"Well, who is to go to the station to meet your cousin?" So asked Mrs. Keith at dinner one afternoon, looking round inquiringly upon her children.

"I can't go," answered Jack, promptly. "You must, Errol; you know I have Rodger's notes to get up. I'll need to stick in all night."

"You always have a fit of study when anything is required which doesn't exactly suit you," said Errol, dryly. "Well, I suppose I'll need to go, mother. When does the train arrive?"

"About eight. You must be down in good time, for it would be dreadful for the poor girl to arrive and find nobody to welcome her."

"One of the girls had better come with me, then. It's rather stupid for a fellow to meet an unknown relation and do all the talk."

"Let me go, mamma," pleaded Marion earnestly; for somehow her warm heart was very sore for the orphan who had travelled so many thousand miles in poor health to see her father's kindred, to whom she was not so welcome as she might have been.

"Won't you go, Janet?" asked Mrs. Keith. "I think you should."

"Oh, no; if Marion wants, by all means let her go. I daresay she will know better how to speak to Airlie Keith than I. You all tell me I am too stiff with strangers."

"But Airlie is not a stranger," said Marion, quickly. "Why, we have known her all our lives by her letters."

"Ah, but it will be a different thing to meet her face to face," said Janet, dryly. "You boys will need to be on your best behaviour," she added to her brothers, "in case Airlie

thinks Edinburgh heathen worse than those she has left."

"Who's going to make any difference for Airlie Keith?" exclaimed Jack, scornfully. "If she tries the goody-goody business here, she'll find she's made a mistake."

had allowed himself to drift with the tide, content to enjoy life, and put away from him all thought of its higher meanings; but of late some whisperings of dissatisfaction had come to him. He felt himself growing older, and making no head-

AIRLIE'S ADVENT.

"Shut up, Jack," said Errol, sharply, and Jack eyed him with instant amazement. But Errol's face was perfectly sober, his eyes grave and rebuking; evidently he was in earnest.

For a long time now Errol Keith

way. He saw others who had entered the lists with him already doing a good work in the world, and making name and position for themselves. At times Errol Keith writhed in very scorn of himself, but idle habits are not easily thrown off. It

takes the hand of a giant to unbind the fetters which, with touch as light as a feather, we may have bound upon ourselves.

Shortly before eight o'clock that evening, Errol and Marion Keith were pacing up and down the platform at the Waverley Station, awaiting the arrival of the London train. It was five-and-twenty minutes late, and when at last it steamed up to the platform, Marion began to tremble, and even Errol felt himself a trifle excited. There were a great number of passengers, none of whom answered to their idea of Airlie Keith. But at last, when the throng had somewhat dispersed, Errol's eyes lighted on the small, solitary figure of a girl standing at the far end of the platform, just before the luggage van, looking helpless and bewildered.

"There she is, Marion; come on," said Errol, and in a moment the pair were in front of the solitary passenger.

"Are you Airlie Keith?" said Errol, and Marion wondered to hear the gentleness of his voice.

The slight figure in its big fur wrap turned swiftly round, the small head was raised, and a pair of wonderful dark eyes uplifted themselves to the speaker's face.

"I am Airlie Keith," she answered. "You are Errol; and this, I think, is Marion. Oh, I am so glad to see you."

She extended her hand to Errol, but he put it aside, and putting one arm around her, bent his face to hers. So Errol's kiss, Errol's greeting, was the first Airlie Keith received.

"How are you, Cousin Airlie?" said Marion then, and they kissed each other; and somehow in a moment every feeling of restraint was gone.

"I wish I had come to meet you in London, Airlie," said Errol quickly, for these sweet eyes reproached him with his uncousinly behaviour.

"Oh, there was no need," said Airlie, lightly. "I assure you I am a most independent young woman, who does not even know the meaning of fear. I had a delightful journey. There was such a funny old lady in the compartment with me. If I could draw I would make a picture of her. She had such a horrified face when I told her how far I had come alone. But, there, we need not talk. Could you see after my belongings, Errol, please? It *is* so cold here."

In a very short space of time Errol had everything out of the luggage-van, and the porter carried them over to the cab-stand.

"Would you help me a little, Errol, if you please," said Airlie, at the cab door. "I have not been very strong, you know, and I can scarcely step up alone."

"I beg your pardon, Airlie; I was busy with the boxes, and did not think," said Errol, as he lifted her right into the cab. "You see, our girls are so accustomed to help themselves."

"Don't apologize. I am just a bundle of aches and pains, you know. I said to Mr. Balfour I would be ashamed to show myself before you all," said Airlie; and now that the excitement of the meeting was past, she sank back into her corner, and Errol saw that she was thoroughly exhausted. And it flashed upon him then, as it had never done before, what a terrible experience it must have been for this young, frail girl to make such a journey alone; only her bright, brave, patient spirit had sustained her to its end.

"I was not sure whether it was a wise step to come to Scotland: I am afraid I will be a burden on Aunt Marion and you all; but the longing to see you all conquered, so I am here." said Airlie, presently. "And I was practically useless at Tahai. Perhaps that was the strongest plea urged upon me to leave. It was a terrible struggle to make up my mind at first."

"It must have been," said Errol, quietly, and a sob broke from Marion's lips, and she reached out her hand and clasped Airlie's firm and close in token of her sympathy and love. It was well, perhaps, for Airlie Keith that these two were the first to meet and greet her; they were certainly the warmest hearts in Errol Lodge. Airlie seemed to feel the jolting of the cab, for she breathed a sigh of relief when it turned into Palmerston Road and swept up the smooth gravelled approach to her new home.

"They told me on the way that there was snow on the ground, but it was so dark I could discern nothing," said Airlie. "I have never seen snow. Ah! there it is! How beautiful, how unlike anything I have ever seen before."

"You will see plenty of it here, I promise you, Airlie," said Errol, grimly. "In the meantime, let me take you into the house. Shall I carry you?"

"Oh no, in case Aunt Marion should be frightened out of her wits," said Airlie, merrily, but she leaned heavily enough on the strong arm offered to her; and so they entered the house, Marion following behind. As they stepped into the hall the dining-room door opened, and Mrs. Keith, with her wraps about her head and shoulders, came out, followed by Janet.

"Aunt Marion!" exclaimed Airlie, in a quick, eager whisper, and her eyes flashed one wistful, seeking glance upon her aunt's pale face.

"How are you, Airlie? You are welcome to Edinburgh," said Mrs. Keith, and taking the girl in her arms, she kissed her kindly enough, but Airlie felt that there was something lacking. Then Janet—stately, beautiful, and calm—offered her a welcoming hand; and presently Jack came bounding downstairs, two steps at a time, and gave her hand a hearty, boyish squeeze; and so the greetings were all over.

In one swift, keen, comprehensive glance, Janet Keith had taken in her cousin's whole appearance, and had passed her mental verdict, which was not flattering to the stranger.

"The girls will take you up to your room, my dear," said Mrs. Keith. "I am a sad invalid, laid up with every breath of cold. I hope you will find everything nice. Tea is waiting, whenever you are ready."

"Very well, Aunt Marion," said Airlie, quietly, and then she turned to Errol once more, as if seeking his sympathy and help.

"Come, Cousin Airlie, and I will take you to your room," said Janet, stepping forward.

"Will you excuse me if I ask Errol to help me?" said Airlie, with her swift, pathetic smile. "I am a poor, useless thing, Cousin Janet. My back has failed me, and I cannot climb upstairs alone."

So Airlie ascended the long stair, slowly and heavily, leaning on her cousin's arm, and when she reached the landing her face was quite flushed, but they did not know that it was with pain.

"Thank you, Errol. Now, Cousin Janet, I am ready," she said, and they entered the room together. It was a cheerful, cosy corner, with a bright fire burning in the grate. Airlie looked round her with a sigh of content.

"I shall be at home here, I think," she said brightly. "I will just sit down one moment, Janet, to get my breath. Oh, dear, how weak and weary I am!"

She sank into a low chair, and leaning back, closed her eyes. The colour receded quickly enough from her face, and left it so ashen hued that Janet Keith feared to look upon it.

"Cousin Airlie, I am afraid you are very ill."

"I have been. I am on furlough on that account," said Airlie, and again that sweet, bright smile sent

a gleam upon her face. "I am all right now. Do you think I could go down to tea as I am?"

"Surely. Let me help you," said Janet, and with unusual kindness she quickly unfastened her cousin's wraps and laid them aside, then stooping down, took off her boots.

"I could sponge your face and hands if you like, Airlie. That always refreshes one."

"Oh, thanks, I can do that myself," said Airlie, rising. "Thank you, Cousin Janet" Then with a childish frankness she added, "How lovely you are! You are just like a picture."

"Oh, nonsense, Airlie!" laughed Janet, but a pleased colour stole into her fair cheek, telling that the unstudied compliment was not unappreciated.

Somewhat refreshed with the cold water, but still very pale and worn, Airlie was ready to go to the dining-room. They were all waiting for her there, and when she entered, leaning heavily on Janet's arm, they were struck by the great and almost painful contrast between them. They were almost of an age, but Janet's tall, straight, graceful figure, and clear, healthy-hued, beautiful face, made Airlie's shrinking figure and thin, sallow face, with its pathetic eyes and frame of short dark curls, look like those of a much older woman.

"Have I kept you waiting long, Aunt Marion. How very cold it is here," said Airlie, approaching the fire with unmistakable eagerness. "I feel as if I could shrink into myself."

"Take a chair, Airlie," said Jack with ready kindness, pulling a low basket lounge right up to the tiled hearth.

"Thank you; but aren't you waiting for me?" she said, with a glance at the table.

"Suppose you sit here, and I'll wait on you," said Errol, kindly. "You look as if you were starving"

"So I am; but remember, I have been accustomed all my life to the thermometer at 100°," said Airlie, laughing. "May I sit here, as Errol suggests, Aunt Marion?"

"Surely, my dear; you look frightfully ill, now that I see you," said Mrs. Keith, hardly yet recovered from the shock of the girl's fragile appearance.

"Why, there is very little of you to look at. What a morsel you are."

"There was more of me when I left Tahai, I believe," said Airlie. "But if you had been jolted in a bullock-waggon, as I was, over seven hundred miles of rocky ground, where there is no road, and scarcely a track, you might have diminished too. Oh, it was a frightful journey."

"Jolly frightful, I should say," assented Jack with energy.

"But they were so kind to me; they saved me as much as possible," said Airlie, softly.

"Who, my dear?" asked Mrs. Keith.

"The natives, father's children. Half a dozen of them came all the way to the coast with me; and sometimes, when I was very tired with the rough riding, they carried me in their arms. That was such a rest."

"They must be good creatures. I didn't think these sort of heathens had so much feeling," said Mrs. Keith.

A little tremulous smile touched Airlie's lips, but they saw her eyes grow dim.

"I will tell you about them some day, Aunt Marion," she said. "I don't think anybody will ever love me as they did; at least not with such utter unselfishness. It nearly broke my heart to see their grief, first over father's death, and then over my leaving them. And there is no one left behind to comfort them, or to keep them in the right way. There is nobody to take up the work for which papa laid down his life."

"Don't fret about it, Airlie," said Mrs. Keith, fussily. "I daresay some

of the missionary societies will look after that. They ought to, anyway, for they get a great deal of money for such purposes. Janet, is tea in?"

"Yes, mamma," said Janet. So they gathered about the table, all except Airlie, who was glad to sit still and be waited on by Errol, who seemed to like the task. And the shadow lifted from her heart a little, and she had a happy laugh and a gay jest for them all, and somehow managed to make herself the chief centre of attraction in the room. And though Jack had been too studiously inclined to go to the station, he seemed to find time to listen to Airlie's account of her voyage, and to laugh over her irresistible descriptions of its more comical aspects. Not again that night did Airlie allude to Tahai or anything connected with it. It seemed as if she could not bear to talk about it yet.

LISTENING.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Speak to me, Lord, I listen, O, I listen,—
Give me the words which Thou would'st have me say;
Thou know'st my lips would move but at thy bidding—
Teach me, O teach, I pray!

Lord, I am tired,—but in Thee there is resting;
And I am sorrowful,—but Thou canst cheer;
O comfort me—and let me comfort others
With the sweet words I hear:

For Thou dost gently soothe the worn and weary;
And whisper heavenly hope unto the sad—
That by the gladness which to them Thou givest
They may make others glad.

Happy the visions, Lord, which oft Thou sendest,
Of the fair land far from this world of care:
Would that these faltering lips were graced with language
To paint the glories there!

Oh, for fit words to tell of radiant mansions
Within a city shining jasper-bright:
Or speak of crystal sea, or throne resplendent
Circled with rainbow light!

Oh, for an echo of the swelling chorus
Which angel-multitudes delight to sing,
All the redeemed from earth glad voices joining,
To praise the Saviour-King!

And oh, to tell how, in the homes supernal,
Where friends long sundered meet to part no more,
Pure joys abide; and sweet, sweet rest remaineth—
Sorrow and suffering o'er!

But ah! I may not—cannot: shall the earthly
Attempt the things of heaven to portray?
Yet still I yearn to cheer the weary pilgrims
Treading life's toilsome way:

O teach me, Lord! all eagerly I listen!
With Thine own words my feeble lips endow;
Thou know'st that they would move but at Thy bidding;
Speak, for I listen now!

Toronto.

THE HOUSE ON THE BEACH.

BY JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

CHAPTER XI.

IN PRAISE OF TEMPERANCE.

THE most stringent temperance legislation can result in nothing more than to make it difficult for men to obtain strong drink. It cannot be made impossible. It is always true that where there is an evil appetite evil ways for its gratification can be found. The chief benefit of temperance legislation and prohibitory law is that temptation is by it prevented from being thrust upon people; the man who is making honest efforts to reform is helped up by the law; he does not find at every corner something to pull him down; the safety of youth is also in a large measure conserved. But there are those who are joined to their idols, and who draw sin as with cart-ropes; as soon as one evil path is hedged up they will open another.

Thus it was with Ralph Kemp. Faith's warning to the liquor-seller Hill had not been effective, for Hill or her father, or both, had found a means of evasion. Faith was a girl of vigorous spirit, and when she had undertaken anything she persisted; accompanied by Kiah Kibble she went to the two other places in the little town where liquor was sold, and warned them also. Now those three places paid high license, and to protect them under that nefarious license, the druggist was not allowed to sell liquor, except as called for by a prescription. One day Faith was at the town and went into the only drug store to buy some fine white wax for her work. As she stood by the counter a man from the country was handed two bottles, each holding a quart of whiskey.

"I think," said Faith, looking the clerk in the eye, "that that is a very large prescription."

The clerk had the grace to blush.

The sight of that "prescription" made Faith uneasy. Was this the place where father got his liquor? She went across the street to try to match some floss for Letty's work, and while she sat in the store she saw her father enter the drug store. She waited a little, and returned there. Her father did not look around as she entered; the clerk did not know of their relationship, and the proprietor came from behind the screen—which hides a good deal of suspicious doings in some drug stores—and was handing her father a pint bottle of brandy. Faith stepped forward and laid her strong white hand on the evil thing just as her father was putting it in his pocket.

"You cannot have this, father."

Then to the amazed clerk: "This is my father. I have warned the saloons not to give him liquor. I did not know that I had to give a warning here also! What he buys is not for medicine, but for poison. A prescription! Who wrote the prescription? Did you? Take back the stuff. He cannot have it."

Father stood silent. He was intensely angry and deeply humiliated, but he was sober, and when sober he never forgot respect toward his daughters.

The druggist received back the bottle, then said sharply, "He owes us for ten pints, at fifty cents a pint —five dollars. Will you settle the bill, as you assert control over him?"

"No, I will not," said Faith roundly. "I do not call liquor bills just debts, any more than I call gambling debts debts of honour. Not

one of the dimes my sister and I earn by hard work shall go for this poison which is destroying as good a father and as accomplished a gentleman as ever lived! I shall go and ask Judge Blakely if this is an honest debt; if it is credible that you gave ten pints of whiskey to one man, as a prescription! Your druggist license is in some danger to-day!"

There was nothing childlike in Faith now: this was a woman, wounded and insulted, rousing in defence of her home and her kin. The druggist trembled before the wrath that blazed in the big gray eyes. Here was not a person to intimidate, but to placate. The man began to hesitate: "I didn't understand it, you see. Of course it is all a mistake, and you may make sure, miss, that I'll never sell him another drop. We'll let it go at that."

Faith went out with her father. She felt that it was her duty to the community to complain of the druggist, but then it would bring her unhappy home into just that much more notoriety, and now that the immediate excitement was over she felt abashed, and as if she wanted not vengeance but a hiding-place.

"Is this," said her father, with a voice shaking with rage, "a proper line of conduct for a young lady? What will people think of you when you usurp authority over your father and threaten druggists and make yourself so conspicuous?"

"They will think that I am my father's daughter, and am doing the best I can," said Faith bitterly.

"You are a rash and undutiful girl, and I have a mind never to go home where you are any more!" cried Kemp.

"Where will you go, then?" asked Faith, still angry.

"Into the sea — if I want to," shouted her father.

"Then you will not see Hugh when he comes home. And what about Letty? Letty has not done anything. Come—suppose you wait for me at the first milestone, and I will go and see if there are any papers for you at the school, and then we will go home and go to work, both of us."

"I won't go with you," said Kemp sullenly, "nor forgive you."

"Yes, you must, father. See now; if you cannot like me for myself, you will put up with me for Letty's sake, and for our dear mother's sake. Besides, you do like me sometimes, and you like to read Latin to me. Let us make friends and go home, and let us keep this secret and not bother Letty. Suppose we find some arbutus for her as we go over the hill. It is early in April, but the spring is early this year."

Finally they patched up a peace and went home together.

There remained yet in the village a source of liquor supply, of which Faith knew nothing, neither did Kiah Kibble. It was a low little den in the outskirts, kept by a negro, and frequented by the lowest class of negroes and whites who could not buy drink elsewhere. Hitherto father had not fallen low enough to go there; the former gentleman and scholar had yet enough native refinement to shrink from a resort so foul. But when liquor was to be had nowhere else, the overmastering passion drove him even to that fiendish place.

There would be some weeks of quiet and peace, and then an outbreak. Faith grew more moody, and longed more intensely for summer, that she might have the comfort that nature yields to hearts that love her well. Letty looked at Faith pitifully, and up to the limit of her small strength wandered with her on the beach and on the dunes, making out-of-door time pay by getting flowers, leaves, mosses, seaweeds, shells, to afford designs for her work. When work was slack Faith and Letty arranged for themselves a new industry, collecting

quantities of delicate and beautiful seaweeds, mounting them on cards, and sending them to the city for sale. They also painted little sea scenes on the inner surface of great clam shells, and sent them for sale with the weeds. In all these ways they earned money enough to keep the wolf from devouring them altogether.

Sometimes Faith's spirits would rise in the very reaction of youth and health, especially after she had had an excursion on the hills or over to the woods; then she would jest and make Letty and father—who had forgotten his grievances—laugh.

"Here now," said Faith in lively mood, standing at the table, her sleeves rolled up from her round white arms, a basin of seaweed before her, "all these cards are my little ships, to bring our fortune home—not very strong little ships, but they have to carry me a pair of shoes and a sun umbrella. There, Letty, how does that spray look? Fine, I think. As the French say, 'I'm not an eagle,' but I am a good hand at seaweeds. How many did you say you had put to press, Letty? twenty-six? There, you wolf at the door, won't that scare you away? Letty, I'm going to commit the extravagance of getting me a hat with daisies on it. What do you think of that, my dog? And what do you think of that, my cat?"

"By all means get it—and don't think so often about the wolf."

"The wolf," said Faith, "is with us a domesticated animal. Ever since I was acquainted with any zoology, the wolf shared our hearth as freely as a kitten. I have have been long hoping that he would get tired of having his head and shoulders in our door, and would go away. I have a scientific interest to see the tail end instead of the head end of this wolf. As he won't go, nor even turn around, I might as well get what fun I can out of him, Letty, by commenting on the size and shape of his jaws."

Week by week went on, and now once more the air was mild with the breath of summer, and the skies were vivid with her smile. Faith sat in her rock-bound bower and worked, and marked the sails drift by, like white clouds on the horizon line, and Letty sat by the open window, and the door, too, was open, and sometimes the bees and butterflies drifted in.

Of what was Faith thinking as she sat on the rocks? She was in the age of hope; life was strong within her; perhaps she had pleasant dreams about days to come. But Letty built her nest among the stars. Earth had little to offer her; life did not leap vigorously in her veins, but, cramped and burdened, tarried on its way as in old age. Faith's visions were full of unrest and of anxious questionings and doubts, while Letty lived in a deep interior calm. Even when father's vagaries most grieved her she had where to lay her burden down.

Faith was looking for some good in this world as it is.

Kiah Kibble was looking for the dawn of a new era here below, but Letty was looking for the days of heaven, and through her heart sang the promises: "The people shall dwell in Zion at Jerusalem: thou shalt weep no more: He will be very gracious unto thee at the voice of thy cry; when He shall hear it, He will answer thee." "Ye shall have a song as in the night when a holy solemnity is kept; and gladness of heart, as when one goeth with a pipe to come into the mountain of the Lord, to the mighty One of Israel."

Sometimes the face of Faith was joyful in what of good the Lord had given her; sometimes it was heavily sad with the sorrows that had come upon her. But the face of Letty was always at peace; she dwelt near Him who is given to be a "hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a

dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." It is often thus with the early called, with those who are set to stay on earth but a short time, and have little in them of the earthly.

Now that it was fair weather they went to the boathouse again, and when there Kiah Kibble and Faith took counsel that Kiah should try to find out where father got liquor. "If we can only keep the stuff from him," sighed Faith.

But one day she came down to the boathouse alone, running swiftly in her excitement, panting, her cheeks aflame.

"Kiah, I can't stand it! I won't stand it! You must help me! Father came back very—bad last night. We heard him coming and went upstairs, and he went to his room and then Letty locked him in. This morning I found that he had been hunting among our little things to find something to carry off to pay for drink, but he did not seem to have taken anything. When he was asleep I went into his room and found that he had taken away his clothes—the new ones, very good yet, for he had been so careful of them — and his good overcoat—Hugh's present. Mr. Kibble, do you understand? His clothes are all gone now, but a very shabby, mended, frayed old suit. He has not a decent thing left—and—and soon people will be coming to the beach, and he is not fit to be seen. I can't stand it! I won't! I want those clothes back!"

Kiah had laid down his chisel, shaken himself free of sawdust and shavings, and was pulling on his coat.

"Miss Faith, I'll go to the town, and I won't come back without those clothes. I'll sift this out as sure as my name is Kiah Kibble!"

Darkness had gathered about the house on the beach and father was in the heavy sleep that succeeded his outbreaks, when the sisters heard a step on the shingle. Faith looked out of the window and asked:

"Is that you, Mr. Kibble?"

"Yes; and I've brought the things. It will do no hurt to let them hang here over these bushes and air to-night. I got them out of a baddish place! No need to come down, Miss Faith, I am not coming in. All safe?"

"Yes," said Faith; "and, oh, thank you so much! Where did you get them? Of course not at the druggist's. At Hill's?"

"No. I went there first and opened the matter, and Hill bluffed me and played sulky; but I said to him, 'See here, Hill, you may be mad because we kept you out of a customer, but you'd be a deal madder to know some fellow was selling liquor here right and left without paying any license and you paying a high one. Do you wink at that game?' 'No, I don't,' says he. 'Show me the man!' 'Help me to find him,' says I; 'for he's here in town, selling on the sly, and he has a suit of clothes and an overcoat that I'm after.' So Hill and the sheriff and I went to work, and by seven we ran our fox into his den; and I got out the clothes and the den is shut and the liquor confiscated, and the negro in gaol for selling without a license. So good-night, Miss Faith. I'd like to shut up one of those shops every day."

After a very wild outbreak came always the period of rebound; the pendulum swung back toward abstinence in proportion as it had oscillated toward intemperance. As in the pendulum the acceleration of motion is proportional to the sine of the displacement, so in the father's mental oscillation, just in proportion to the depth of his drunkenness was the loftiness of his temperance views when he returned to himself. His high state of virtue on the present occasion was increased by having a good suit of clothes and a well-laundered shirt to get into. It never

occurred to him to ask how the clothes which he had sold for drink came to be hanging over the footboard of his bed when he became sober.

Having delivered himself to meditation for a day, he came out as a professor of moral virtues and as the careful paternal head of the family. Shaven, neat, and well dressed, though with a hand somewhat trembling, he seated himself at the breakfast table.

"I have taken unusual pains with my dress, my daughters, for your sakes. The beauty of the weather reminds us that summer is here, and with summer will come summer guests. I do not wish you to be uneasy, my children; I know what is due to you. Faith, you can be as cheerful as you please. Rely upon me to do nothing to mar your prospects."

Faith flamed crimson. Her prospects! What prospects had she? Oh, how could he speak so? Why could she not be let alone? This was too detestable! If by chance anyone spoke to her on the beach, must it be taken for granted that she had prospects? She sprang up, ran away to her room, and there cried with vexation, disgust and mortification.

"Faith is uneven in her temperament of late," said father tranquilly to Letty. "It is said to be a sign of love."

"Please, father, do not speak so. Faith and I cannot think of such things," remonstrated poor Letty.

"And why not?" demanded father.

"Because I am prohibited by my misfortunes, and Faith by your fault!" said Letty, exasperated in behalf of her sister. And that was the severest thing Letty ever said to her father.

"*Sed redeo ad formulam,*" said father magisterially. "I shall do nothing to mar Faith's prospects. She shall be made happy in spite of herself."

"Father, promise me you will not interfere—you will not take things for granted; you will not — you will not be talking to Mr. Julian if he comes here!"

"No, Letty; surely not. It is not needful for you to instruct me in the proprieties of life. No; I will do nothing; for Ennius reminds us: 'An ill-done good, I judge an evil deed.' Do not be alarmed. I surely have your sister's happiness more at heart than you have. Come, Letty, call your sister down to help you, and then seat yourself by the open window. I will go out and bring you a bouquet. Air, light, the wild-flowers are to us free gifts of God. What more do we wish? Our home is lowly, our lot is poor; but with free minds the universe is ours. 'For what in human affairs,' says Cicero, 'may seem great to him to whom all eternity and all the magnificence of the universe is known?' In the realm of thought, my child, we may reign as kings. Happy is the mind fed on the marvels of nature and the glorious developments of philosophy; happy the heart like yours, my child, at peace with itself; happy the young maid, like your sister, whose beautiful face reflects a beautiful mind."

After a day or two, the sisters, as usual, fell in with father's changed state, and listened without amazement or irritation while he praised self-control, self-sacrifice, family love, prudence, charity, temperance — all the virtues. He should in that state have been a professor of morals.

When Faith grew weary of the house she could now go to the rocks, with the better grace that father was as pleasant as could be wished, and was making himself agreeable to Letty in the house. So to her granite throne went Faith, and, cheered by the beauty that was all around her, smiled and sang.

Letty and father walked down there to call her home to tea. They saw her as they came, her shining

golden hair lit by the sunset against the cold gray rock, her face and figure so full of bloom and life and beauty, like an arbutus blossom upon the dull stone. And they heard her singing a verse that she loved:

> "And I thought I heard Him say,
> As He passed along His way,
> 'O silly soul, keep near me,
> My sheep should never fear me;
> I am the Shepherd true.'"

It made Letty think of the angels singing in heaven.

And when June was yet in its first flush of beauty, one day the merry shouts of a little boy echoed up the sands, and Richard Parvin thrust his bonny countenance into the door of the house on the beach.

"Is that you, Miss Letty? Where is my mermaid? Down at the rocks? There, then, that old Kenneth has got ahead of me! He went to the rocks and I came here, to see which should be first. Oh, dear!"

"Do you want to be first?" said Letty with a benevolence that Kenneth might have called malevolence. "Then run across the edge of the dune, just where you see a little path, and it will take you to the rocks the shortest way and you will be first after all."

Away bounded Richard; but perhaps he did not find the right path, for when he reached the grotto there sat Faith making lace, and there sat Kenneth on a boulder trying to be agreeable.

But Richard got much the warmer reception, if that was any comfort to him. As for Kenneth—

"I'm afraid you'd not have spoken at all to me, Miss Faith, if you had not hoped for news from your brother."

"Oh, yes; maybe I might," said Faith, carelessly.

CHAPTER XII.

LETTY HAS HER HANDS FULL.

Of all King Arthur's knights, Sir Galahad was the one to whom self-control was the easiest,—because he had always exercised it. To him the restraint of the passions had become a second nature; "I could" was yokefellow to "I should," and upon them "I would" waited duteously. But while the habit of right-doing so upbuilds character that living nobly becomes easiest, and to do evil would be the more difficult, so self-indulgence makes every demand of appetite more imperious, yielding to evil becomes the habit of the mind, and to deny one's self is a herculean task beyond the effort of the weakened will. Of those whom continued indulgence in a vice has made moral weaklings, unable to dwell for any length of time in the strong, bracing air of the regions of virtue, Ralph Kemp was a notable example. Each hastening year made him less able on any terms to govern his depraved desire for strong drink. It was idle for him to say to his proud young daughter that to spare her mortification he would conduct himself with decency while strangers were near. He was soon scheming that he might drink a little, and no one know it; that he might drink all that he craved and keep out of sight; he argued as if he were capable of leaving off when once he had begun, or as if, when possessed by his demon, he could rule its manifestations.

It is true that there are men of such vigorous mental temperament that at any point in a career they can say "I will not," and abide by their own decree. We have known of cases where there was that much iron in the blood. Ralph Kemp was made of other material; and being of that weaker mould he insisted upon considering himself strong and relying upon himself. That was what discouraged his daughters. He never in his efforts reached higher than his own level; he never took hold of the Strong One for strength.

Letty took a little courage from

the thought that perhaps now her father would not be able to get drink anywhere.

"Don't you believe it," said Faith angrily. "The devil doesn't mean to be outgeneraled by Kiah Kibble and a girl. We have frightened the druggist, warned the licensed saloons, and shut up the one that had no license. Do you think we are to be left to enjoy the fruits of victory? There will be some other little sneaking den opened where least it is expected. Our only hope is that father will want to stay sober for a while."

"Well, for poor Hugh's sake I hope father will stay sober while Mr. Julian and his aunt are here, for Hugh may question Mr. Julian closely when he goes home, and we should bate for him to have a shameful story to tell. But as far as you and I are concerned, it is no worse for us to see our father doing wrong one time than another, is it, Faith?"

"No; I suppose not," said Faith.

"I hope Mr. Julian will not come up here as often as he did last summer. Can't you—stop it, Faith?" continued Letty.

"Why, girl, I don't own the beach."

"I'm afraid you are the one that makes this end of the beach more attractive than the other," suggested Letty.

"You don't want me to scowl and say sharp things to our brother's friend, do you?" demanded Faith.

"O Faith, you know what I mean," cried poor Letty in despair. "We are not situated as other girls are. We must do differently. I ought to watch over you; I am the eldest, you know, but you are an awfully hard girl to be a mother to!"

Then Faith sank down on her knees beside the chair of her little elder sister, and hugged the pathetic creature to her heart; her strong, round, white arms clasped Letty firmly; she laid her lovely young face on poor Letty's deformed shoulder, and she protested that Letty was the dearest little woman in all the world, and they should never be parted, but live together all their days.

But she did not say that she would sit no more on the rocks chatting with Kenneth Julian. Why should she say it? Why not let a little gleam of brightness, a brief vision of the big, brilliant outer world, into her shadowy and contracted existence? Suppose she kept strictly at the house, immuring herself in summer as in winter, what good would it do? If she kept away from the rocks, Kenneth would come up to the house and sit on the threshold; and it was much pleasanter at the rocks. The blue bending skies, the broad shifting opal of the sea, the huge boulders, flung together when the echo of the song of the morning stars yet pealed through heaven, were all so much better environment than the shabby little house on the beach.

Letty sighed: Letty sighed often nowadays; she sighed over her father; she sighed over Faith; they were all numbered, those sighs; their sum total was told above, and when the last sigh was breathed, then divine rest should enter Letty's soul and a blissful satisfaction be hers in the city of her God.

Faith, watching her father, detected the signs of relapse. "Father," she said, "you know what you promised; you said on Hugh's account, so that Hugh should have no sad news to hear, you would be very careful and not drink any while Mr. Julian is at the beach."

"I never said a word about Hugh—I said on your account."

"Whichever account it was, you promised to be good. Now you know if you stop working, if you begin to go over to the town, there will be trouble. Won't you keep your word, father? It seems as if I should die of shame if I saw you coming home wild and noisy, not

knowing what you were doing. Do, father, take some pride in yourself. Bring those books down to the rocks and read to me while I work, and let us talk about them."

"Kenneth Julian will be there."

"Let him! He will enjoy your talk just as much as I do. I am so proud of you when you read and translate your Latin books and comment upon them, and trace their influence on English literature. Come down there with me, father. I would much rather you did. I don't like to sit there alone—as if—as if I were waiting for people, when I am not, but have always been there the six years that we have lived here; and I hate to stay cooped up in the house. Now, father, you can make beautiful nets and hammocks. I'll order the twine, and you come there and make a net while I work lace, and we'll have a book or two and we can read and discuss a little, and at noon I will run up to the house for Letty and the dinner, and it will be a real family party. Then if anyone else wants to come and sit there and talk, let him—we won't mind. Do try it. I really would like it so much better that way."

Father allowed himself to be persuaded. He sat by Faith, netted several times across a hammock, and discussed to Kenneth the De Senectute.

But appetite was dragging at father as if it had cast mighty lines about him, and was pulling him toward the foul den where he could obtain its indulgence. The tenderness of Letty, the deference of Faith, the attention paid by Kenneth, the reassertion of what little manhood he had left were all feeble compared with the demands of a depraved appetite. To what a hideous bondage do the sons of Ephraim submit their souls!

"If you go to the town, you will be lost," said Faith. "When you get where you can see or taste liquor, all is ended with you. Stay here, father. If I were you, I'd rather cut off my feet than have them carry me to ruin and shame!"

Oh, vain remonstrances and vainer cares!

Letty was in her usual seat by the window. She was embroidering a table-cover. Mrs. Parvin had been to see her and had brought her several well-paid orders from city friends. Mrs. Parvin had been very, very kind, but Letty felt that Mrs. Parvin had questioned her rather closely about Faith, and that she had cast anxious glances, as became a wise aunt, toward the rocks where might be seen the top of Kenneth's cork helmet.

Letty's thoughts were called from Faith by other cares. As she sat and wrought crimson poppies and yellow heads of wheat, Kiah Kibble's boy came running up.

"Miss Letty! Mr. Kibble ain't down by the boathouse to-day. He's gone over to the yard for lumber."

"Well, what of that?"

"Your—father's down there, miss."

"Is anything the matter?" asked Letty, sticking her needle in the stem of a poppy and rising prescient of evil.

"He's awful—full—an' there's two boys there gaming at him, an' I'm afraid he'll rouse mad and do something. An' 'sides, Kiah's 'fraid to have him there when he's drunk, lest he'll get things set afire. 'Tain't safe, Miss Letty, long o' shavin's an' all."

"Run back quickly. I'll come right along and get him home."

And then poor Letty looked toward the rocks. The day was gray, and near the sea, below the grotto, Letty saw seated on the shelving sand her beautiful sister working at her lace, and not far from her Kenneth Julian half reclining on a swath of seaweed; and the two were laughing and chatting merrily together. A mother love for both helpless parent and beautiful sister tugged at Letty's heart. She must go to her

father, and yet she did not want to go off and leave Faith alone.

She stood in the doorway and called her: "Faith! Faith!"

Faith left her work on the beach and came running to the house. The pocket of her white apron was full of French bonbons. It generally was when Kenneth was around; he seemed to consider them her proper diet. As she ran up, Faith took out a handful of candies and held them toward her sister.

Letty took them absently and laid them on the window ledge.

"Faith, it's been of no use. Father's —broken out again. Jerry came for me. He is at the boathouse—and some boys are plaguing him, and Kiah is away. I must go for him."

"Shall I go with you?"

"No; you know he lets me lead him, but he always acts worse if you are around. Besides, if you come, Mr. Julian will offer to come too, and I wouldn't have him see him for anything."

"No."

"But — I don't want to go and leave you down there," Letty said; "it doesn't look just right. Won't you stay up here at the house?"

"Then he'll come up here!"

"Not if you tell him not to. Faith, people will talk if you let him be here so much. Go and get your work and tell him you will be busy the rest of the day."

"Why should I? There's no harm in it, and no pleasure in staying here in this hot little house! I sha'n't enjoy sitting here and listening to father playing the madman in his room. Why are you so absurd, Letty? I'll change our seat round to behind the rocks, and then he'll be sure not to see father when he comes in. I might as well try to distract my mind from father's horrid ways by talking of Hugh and of pleasant things."

"But, Faith, we cannot be like other girls. We are poor and he is rich. Our mother would have said we had better keep by ourselves. We are a drunkard's children, and we cannot afford to have people talk about us. We have no one to defend us."

"We don't need defending," said Faith. "You are too absurd about me, Letty. Go and get father, if you must. The beach is mine and I mean to sit there."

"NEAR HOME."

BY ANNIE CLARKE.

"Near home!" A little while,
And then the heavy shadows, one by one,
Shall fall and fade away, as mists from sun,
Before the Father's smile.

"Near home!" The weary way
Is almost ended, and the tired feet
Shall tread the pleasant pastures, green and sweet,
Where quiet waters play.

"Near home!" The pain-brimmed years,
The long and sleepless nights, are almost o'er;
Anguish and care shall touch thee never-more,
Heaven has no place for tears.

"Near home!" Outside the gate,
And glory-glimpses thrill thee waiting here;
Soft music falls upon thy listening ear—
Is it not sweet to wait?

"Near home!" Soon shall He come,
The Saviour dear, thy heart's beloved and best;
And He shall lead thee, satisfied and blest,
Through the bright portals, "Home!"

Victoria, B.C.

REV. DR. THOMSON,*

Author of "The Land and the Book."

REV. W. M. THOMSON, D.D.

The Rev. Wm. M. Thomson, D.D., whose death occurred last year at Denver, Colorado, in the eighty-ninth year of his age, was born at Springdale, Ohio, December 31st, 1806. He entered Princeton Theological Seminary in 1829, but left in 1831 before graduation, and went to Syria as a missionary of the American Board in 1832, arriving at Beyrout February 24th, 1833. He was actively connected with mission work in Syria for a period of forty-three years until 1876, when he left Syria, and after a sojourn in Scotland returned to the United States. Until 1870 he was connected with the American Board. Since that date Dr. Thomson's official connection has been with the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, until his final retirement in 1876. Since his return he published in 1880-86 the enlarged edition of "The Land and the Book," a work which has been of great value and service to all lovers of the Bible, and with which his name will always be identified.

His father, Rev. John Thomson, and also his mother, were of Scotch-Irish descent, and removed to Ohio from Kentucky when Cincinnati was only a fort.

Dr. Thomson married Miss Eliza Nelson Hanna, of New York, before his departure for Syria. Mrs. Thomson died in 1834. He subsequently married the widow of a former English Consul in Syria, who also died a few years before Dr. Thomson finally left Syria. The circumstances of the death of his first wife were tragical. It happened that soon after his arrival in Beyrout he went in 1834 to Jerusalem. It was at the time of the disturbances incident to a rebellion against the iron rule of Mohammed Ali. Dr. Thomson had occasion to leave Jerusalem for a short journey. During his absence he was arrested and imprisoned by Ibraham Pasha, who could not be made to understand the function of a missionary, but took him for a spy. While Dr. Thomson was thus detained, Ibraham Pasha marched upon Jerusalem, and, taking advantage of an earthquake, assaulted the city and captured it. Mrs. Thomson, with her infant in her arms (now the well-known Dr. William H. Thomson, of New York), took refuge in a vault. A falling stone nearly crushed the babe. Mrs. Thomson soon after became delirious and was found in this state by Dr. Thomson on his return to Jerusalem. She died while still delirious and was buried at Jerusalem.

Dr. Thomson returned to Beyrout, where he resided during most of his missionary life in Syria. He participated in many stirring scenes during the civil wars of 1841, 1845 and 1860. In the war of 1845, through his personal influence and courage, the village of Abeih, filled with refugees, was saved from a massacre. Dr. Thomson was himself shot at while carrying a flag of truce. In the disturbances

* The portrait which accompanies this article is from *Harper's Weekly*, by courtesy of Mr. Sandham, Editor of *The Faithful Witness*.

of 1860 he co-operated with Lord Dufferin, representing the Allied Powers, in adjusting the difficulties of that delicate situation. He acted as Chairman of the Relief Committee, organized to meet the emergency. He was a tower of strength to the mission amidst the many difficulties and perils of the early heroic period of missionary effort in Syria. He was a man of large and statesmanlike views, calm judgment, undaunted courage, great practical wisdom, and an efficient organizer. He held a position of commanding influence among natives of all classes. One of the leading peculiarities of his missionary life was his kindly spirit towards the natives, and his success in adapting himself to the life of the country, and in winning the affection and confidence of the people. Syria is a field in which pioneer work has always been attended with peculiar difficulties. Dr. Thomson has at different times opened and established stations at new points with remarkable success.

In his private life he was a man of genial and lovely qualities. His missionary aims were large and comprehensive, his devotion to duty untiring, and his religious views were characterized by strength of conviction, liberality, and the best of common sense. For many years he preached continuously at Beyrout both in Arabic and English. He took a prominent part in organizing the great educational work of Syria, as represented chiefly at the present time by the Syrian Protestant College, and the fine institutions for the education of girls.

He is known, however, in this country, and even throughout the world, as an author rather than a missionary. It was stated before the Commission of the British Parliament on international copyright that the circulation of "The Land and the Book" in Great Britain had been larger than any other American publication, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" alone excepted. It is characterized by a peculiar charm of style, and a freshness and vividness which gives it special value as a commentary upon the Scriptures. The reader feels as if he were coming into living contact with the scenes and incidents of the Bible, presented with a fidelity and insight which were realistic. His later edition of the book was written with care, in the light of modern discoveries. Dr. Thomson was also a contributor to many periodicals in the same line of vivid and luminous illustration of the Bible.

Such a life has been of inestimable value not only to missions, but to the cause of popular biblical instruction. It is a worthy example of the varied and unique service often rendered by missionaries, the true significance and power of which are not always recognized. Dr. Thomson suffered from a paralytic trouble during the latter years of his life, but his mental condition was natural and clear. The end came suddenly and he passed peacefully and tranquilly away. —*The Faithful Witness.*

WAIT.

Wait thou His time, dear heart, be still;
The frowning clouds that darken now
Thy lonely desert way
Shall brighten into day,
And then how wondrous bright 'twill be—
wait thou!

Can I afford to wait? O yes;
'Tis better further on, I know,
Than it doth now appear.
When all these mists shall clear,
We'll reap in joy, though now in tears we
sow.

Wait in the Lord, His strength is thine,
"For as thy day thy strength shall be,"
The gracious promise sure
Forever shall endure,
And in His might ours is the victory.

Wait on the Lord, as servants wait
The approving smile, the counsel meet
Of those they gladly serve
And every wish observe,
On whose commands they run with willing
feet.

Wait for the Lord, His time is best;
The endless years are His, for here,
In much confusion, we
The "tangled ends" but see;
But there the full-wrought pattern shall
appear

Of God's great finished temple; now
We but the scaffolding behold,
But all the grand design
Shall out in glory shine,
Nor half its beauty ever can be told.

—*J. B. B.*

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

Wesleyan Methodist.

In Calcutta, India, there is the largest increase in membership ever known.

The net connexional increase is: full members, 4,253; junior members, 2,196; candidates for the ministry, 126. The increase in the New Zealand Conference amounts to 7,380.

The Methodist May meetings were all of more than ordinary interest. The Rev. John Watson, better known as "Ian Maclaren," preached one of the missionary sermons.

An increase of income of more than $12,500 for the Children's Home is reported. Archdeacon Farrar, with his usual fraternal spirit, gave the use of his church for a special service on behalf of this noble institution.

The ordinary income is $17,970 more than last year, but it is still $8,250 below the expenditure, although there had been retrenchments which exceeded $10,000. The debt of the Society is $152,390. Some forty English and 112 Eurasian women are employed by the Woman's auxiliary.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

The Foreign Missionary Society at the close of the year reported a deficit of $386,336.

In Washington, D.C., Methodism leads in the number of churches, there being twenty-six.

The Ohio Wesleyan University has in preparation for work, or in the work, seventy missionaries.

The First Church, Chicago, has paid for church extension in that city, in twenty-nine years, $502,800.

One in seven of all the Japanese on the Pacific coast are members or probationers of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The *Epworth Herald* has a circulation of eighty-five thousand copies, the profits of which for the past year amount to $6,000.

There are two Swedish Conferences in the United States and forty thousand church members. There are sixteen Swedish churches in Chicago.

Bishop Thoburn says the largest number of high-caste converts are recorded in those districts where there are the largest number of low-caste converts.

The Bareilly Theological Seminary (India) has sent out 235 regular graduates of a three years' course, and a grand total of 505 who have been trained there.

A presiding elder writes from Colorado: "I have travelled by cars, stages and bicycles since June, 1894, 9,826 miles. That is an average of about 550 miles a week."

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society has thirteen hospitals and dispensaries, and ministers to about fifty thousand women through its medical missionaries.

Drew Theological Seminary library contains over five thousand volumes relating to Methodism, also three thousand pamphlets and many unpublished manuscripts. The entire library contains 31,770 volumes.

Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

The *Methodist Review* (quarterly), under the editorship of the Rev. Dr. Tigert, registered an increase of 1,200 subscribers since September.

Methodist New Connexion.

Several circuit meetings in aid of the Centenary Fund have been held, at which large sums have been subscribed.

Primitive Methodist.

The South Australian Conference has voted emphatically in favour of Methodist union on the basis agreed to by the Wesleyan and other Churches in the colony.

The venerable Thomas Bateman, a member of the Deed Poll, is ninety-five years of age, and often preaches on special occasions. He was a close friend of the founders of the Connexion, and for many years was a leading debater in the Conference. The present writer heard him preach fifty-four years ago.

Bible Christian.

Evangelistic services have been very successful in Exeter district. In some instances as many as fifty persons professed conversion.

The Methodist Church.

The New York *Advocate* declares that Dr. Dewart composed the best short poem elicited by the death of Tennyson.

Mr. H. A. Massey has given $1,000 to the Methodist Hospital, Brooklyn. He also endowed a bed by a gift of $5,000.

At the Coqualeetza Institute, Chilliwhack, there are now eighty-two children. One of the boys wants to be a missionary.

The Michael Fawcett prize on Methodist hymnology was won by Mr. H. B. Christie, a student from Guelph Conference.

The baccalaureate sermon by Chancellor Burwash, at the convocation exercises of Victoria University, was one of his best efforts.

The degree of D.D. was conferred upon Rev. H. J. Pope, ex-president of the Wesleyan Conference; Revs. Prof. Wallace, John Potts, and Osborne R. Lambly.

The Rev. A. C. Crews has been appointed Sunday-school and Epworth League Secretary. He is eminently fitted for the position—one of unique influence, not surpassed in power for good by that of any officer of the Church.

The Wesleyan Theological College at Montreal has had a successful year. The Endowment Fund has reached $70,000. The annual sermon was preached by Rev. A. Sutherland, D.D., and "was one long to be remembered." The following received the degree of D.D., Rev. I. Tovell, Hamilton; J. Scott, M.A., Berlin.

The missionary spirit is evidently alive among the students at our colleges. More than sixty hold themselves in readiness to engage in mission work. What a tremendous responsibility rests upon those who possess the means to replenish the treasury whereby the young brethren could be sent forth to reap a grand harvest for Christ.

The Deaconess Association of Toronto Conference was at first regarded by many as unnecessary, but these prejudices have been greatly weakened, if they are not wholly extinct. During the past year the services of the ladies have been in great requisition. Their visits to the abodes of the sick and dying have been greatly appreciated.

The sorrow of thousands was turned into joy when news reached the Mission Rooms that the missionary vessel *Glad Tidings*, which had been so long missing, was not lost, but had become disabled and therefore detained, while on her voyage to Victoria, British Columbia. All on board, including nine missionaries, had reached their destination in safety.

The Missionary Executive have had considerable anxiety respecting the mission in Japan, which has occasioned a great amount of correspondence with the missionaries. Rev. F. A. Cassidy who has done good service in that field, thought that he had been injured by the course adopted, but the Executive assures him that no injury has been inflicted upon him; his character and ministerial status are blameless. An answer has been sent to the communication from the missionaries who had intended to resign, and hopes are now entertained that harmony will be restored, and the work will again be prosperous.

The Book-Room at Toronto has done a large volume of business during the past year, notwithstanding the general depression which is felt everywhere. There was a large increase in the number of subscribers to the *Guardian*, but as the price had been reduced to one dollar the income was below last year. The other publications more than held their own, so that a grant of $7,500 was made to the Superannuated Ministers' Fund, a larger amount than was ever given in any previous year.

A very appropriate resolution was adopted acknowledging the services of Dr. Dewart as Editor for twenty-six years. All the members of the Book Committee expressed their hope that the Doctor would enjoy himself in his visit to the Methodist Conferences of the Old World. He will be followed by the earnest prayers and best wishes of thousands.

Items.

Sixty-five Protestant missionary societies are at work in India. There are 560,000 native Protestants—an increase of 150,000 in a decade.

During the late Japan-Chinese war, the Bible Society has distributed, through its agency in Japan, thirty thousand copies of the Gospels among Japanese soldiers and sailors.

The converts in the Samoan islands have given as much as $9,000 in one year to the work of missions. The Fijian Christians contributed $5,000 a year to the same cause, and the Church in the Friendly Islands numbers 30,000 and gives $15,000 a year.

Dr. A. T. Pierson says: "In 1866, when I was first in Europe, I could not carry a copy of the Bible inside the walls of Rome. Last year (1893) there were twenty-nine Protestant chapels in the city of Rome and preaching openly carried on in them with impunity."

In Japan there 226 male and 210 unmarried female missionaries (including wives), a total of 625; there are 134 stations, 750 out-stations, 364 organized churches, 3,422 adults baptized in 1894, total adult membership 39,240: theological students 353; native ministers 258; contributions of native Christians (1894) about $35,000.

The revered authoress, "A. L. O. E.," who went to India as a missionary and died in December 1893, was buried at her own request without a coffin. The funeral of the Rev. F. Sandford, of the Delhi Mission, cost only about five shillings, and so in many places missionaries are striving to dispossess the minds of converts of the notion that a Christian's funeral ought to cost a quarter's income, which it often has done.

At the great examination held at Wuchang last year twelve thousand literary candidates competed. The Central China Religious Tract Society gave a package of books and tracts to each candidate before he left the examination hall. Only a few refused them. At Nanking no less than forty-five thousand Christian books, or tracts, or portions of the Scriptures, were likewise given to a still larger number of literary candidates, and most of them were accepted.

Recent Deaths.

Rev. W. Hall, M.A., of Montreal Conference, finished his earthly course early in May, under very painful circumstances. For several years he was afflicted with intense mental depression. During one of those seasons he committed the fatal deed which cast a gloom not only over his own family, but over thousands by whom he was beloved as a singularly saintly man. Few men displayed more of the spirit of meekness. He was a most perfect Christian gentleman. Never robust physically, he occasionally travelled abroad for the benefit of his health. For the last eight years he resided in his native city, first as a pastor and then as principal of the French Institute.

The Rev. James C. Slater was a superannuated minister and a member of Toronto Conference. He closed his eyes in death May 15, 1895. For forty-nine years his name occupied a place on the ministerial roll, though for the last thirteen years he had been a cripple from inflammatory rheumatism. Occasionally he was wheeled into Sherbourne Street church in an invalid's chair, when he always greatly enjoyed the services. Mr. Slater was a minister in the third generation, his father and grandfather both having served the Church in the same capacity. He had the advantage of being a pupil at Kingswood School, England. We next find him an apprentice to the firm of Samuel Budgett, "the Successful Merchant." His early training made him an expert in financial matters. His affliction was endured with great patience and resignation. Those who visited him felt assured that he was ripening for heaven. The writer of these lines was a neighbour of Mr. Slater's for two years, and delights to record his tribute of praise to the memory of his sainted friend.

WAITING.

I am waiting for the coming of the bridegroom in the air,
I am longing for the gathering of the ransomed over there,
I am putting on the garments which the heavenly bride shall wear,
For the glad home coming draweth nigh.

Oh! the glad home coming. It is swiftly drawing nigh,
Oh! the sad home longing will be over by-and-bye.
"Lo! the Bridegroom cometh," holy watchers soon will cry,
For the glad home coming draweth nigh.

Book Notices.

Lovell's Gazetteer of British North America. 8vo. Pp. 674. Montreal: Lovell & Son. Price, $4.00.

We are glad in this Dominion Day number of the METHODIST MAGAZINE to review such a thoroughly patriotic enterprise as Lovell's new "Gazetteer of British North America." The first prerequisite to an intelligent patriotism is some acquaintance with the magnificent country which in the providence of God is our national inheritance. Comparatively few of us can traverse it from end to end, and none of us can by any possibility visit the nearly twelve thousand places described in this book.

The earlier edition of Lovell's "Gazetteer" we have used for years and found of exceeding value. This is much enlarged in size and scope and will be still more useful. Where we have tested it in some out-of-the-way places we have found it exceedingly accurate. It contains the latest and most authentic descriptions of over 8,900 cities, towns, villages and places in the provinces of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Manitoba, British Columbia, the Northwest Territories and Newfoundland, and general information, drawn from official sources, as to the names, locality, extent, etc., of over 2,980 lakes and rivers.

A department of special value is the 120 pages of table of routes showing the proximity of the railroad stations and sea, lake and river ports, to the cities, towns, villages, etc., in the several provinces. As showing the development of Canada during the last fourteen years it may be stated that the "Gazetteer" contains the names of 1,400 more places, and 1,600 more lakes and rivers, than in the edition of 1881. The compilers believe that they have included absolutely every place in the country, large and small, which is dignified with a name.

Etchings from a Parsonage Veranda. By MRS. J. W. GRAHAM, illustrated by J. W. BENGOUGH. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.00.

We heard a competent critic state that these graphic sketches are as good in their way as the world-famous ones of S. R. Crockett, author of "The Stickit Minister." This is high praise, but we judge not too high. The Methodist preacher who keeps his eyes open has an incomparable opportunity for the study of life and character. Still more is this true of the Methodist preacher's wife if she be a woman of keen perception with some vein of humour, as is conspicuously the case in the accomplished writer of these etchings. The hereditary talent of the Jeffers family is conspicuously shown in these clever sketches. This book, we predict, will be read with keenest zest in many a Methodist family. The preachers and their wives will especially enjoy it. Mr. Bengough's inimitable sketches bring out admirably the points of the story.

Songs of the Pines. By J. E. CALDWELL. Toronto: William Briggs.

Under the admirable title "Songs of the Pines," Mr. Caldwell brings out a volume of Canadian verse of more than ordinary merit. The themes are thoroughly Canadian, with descriptions of photographic fidelity, and studies of Canadian life and character. There is a sturdy patriotic ring about the poems. The longest is a story of fifty pages, of the Ottawa valley, and has exquisite touches of pathos and beauty.

Introduction to the Study of the Gospel of St. John, together with an Interlinear Literal Translation of the Greek Text of Stephens, 1550, with the Authorized Version Conveniently Presented in the Margin for Ready Reference. And with the Various Readings of the Editions of Elzevir, 1624, Griesbach, Lachmann, Tischendorf, Tregelles, Alford and Wordsworth. By J. P. MACLEAN, PH.D. Cincinnati: The Robert Clarke Company. Price, $1.50.

The Gospel of St. John is the great battle-ground of biblical critics. Many have boldly asserted that its claims are inferior to the Synoptic Gospels. Every lover of the Bible should be thoroughly informed upon all points connected with this Gospel. It is regarded by some learned critics as the key to the New Testament. No one can understand the Bible without a thorough knowledge of St. John's Gospel. It is the Gospel of Gospels. No writing combines greater simplicity with more profound depths. This introduction to its study is specially designed to meet every requirement of the devout believer in its authenticity. The Greek text, with its interlinear translation and various readings by learned critics, will prove valuable both to the scholar and to him who is not versed in the Greek language.

VIEW OF BROUSSA FROM CITADEL.